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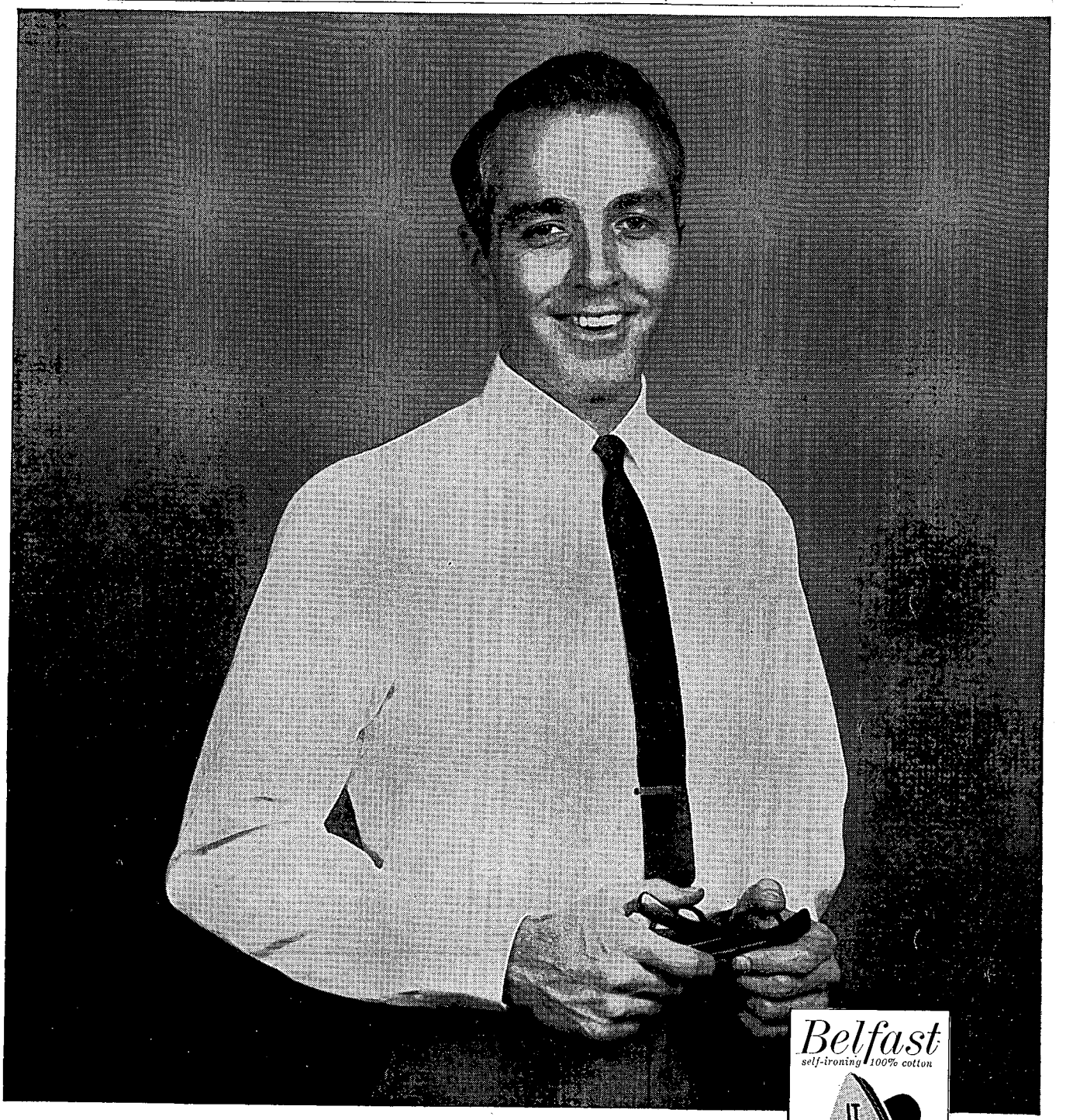

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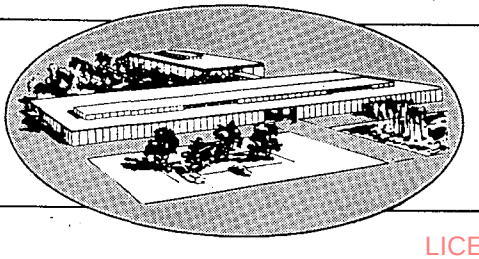

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In This Issue . . .

➔ We mourn the death of Robert Frost. To write his obituary we turned to his good friend, and ours, **Herbert Kenny** of Boston, who knew Frost well for years. Mr. Kenny talks of the loss of the man, rather than of the poet, who never dies. Mr. Kenny is a poet himself, a writer for the Boston *Globe*, an amateur sailor, and a virtuoso as a human being. . . . **William A. Rusher,** the publisher of this august journal, writes a bit of political creed, which he is well qualified to do as former potentate in Young Republican circles, and a lifetime acolyte at the melancholy ritual described by Willmoore Kendall as the historic destiny of the Republican Party—to elect Democrats to office. . . . **Tiresias** is *not* blind to what is going on in Latin America, where the Alliance for Progress serves as a non-solution to the pandemic obstacles to economic growth that issue from political instability and statist economics. Ask not for whom the bell tolls, it tolls for the *Alianza*. . . . **Herbert Romerstein,** formerly a Communist and ever since a diligent and informed anti-Communist, has come across the record of a meeting of Communists in East Europe during 1962, where the problem was discussed of how to deal with anti-Communists in the United States. We are, among other things, to be impeached.

➔ **Frank Meyer** examines the question whether the idea of the just war is anachronized. Not, he concludes, *In Defense of Freedom,* the title of his exciting new book. . . . **James Burnham** shows how the New Frontier's reliance on automatic weapons deterrence and a nuclear stalemate is the exact equivalent of the Maginot Line mentality. . . . **Russell Kirk** takes aim at a) the rationalists in political science, quoting from the exciting new book of Michael Oakeshott (of the London School of Economics) and b) the behaviorists in social psychology; and asks along with others, Who will save us from the millenium? Ghosts, apparently, says the distinguished science fiction writer **Theodore Sturgeon,** reviewing Mr. Kirk's novel *The Surly Sullen Bell* in the book section; a book, says Mr. Sturgeon, more fascinating than anything else in its genre to come out in fifty years. Mr. Sturgeon also reviews the unforgettable *Journey Into Tomorrow* by Robert Sheckley.

➔ Professor **Vincent Miller** of Wofford does a yeomanly essay on the definitive work being done on John Adams, Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton by the academies (their finest hour?). . . . And Miss **Arlene Croce,** of NATIONAL REVIEW, gives us a witty roundup of 1962's films.

➔ **Ronald Duncan's** poetry has been widely published in England, where he is a well-known playwright and successful librettist. He is a close student of Renaissance Latin and Italian verse *(Vel confossus pariter/morerer feliciter . . .).* And if you complain, we'll do the next one in Greek, or in Mailer. ➔

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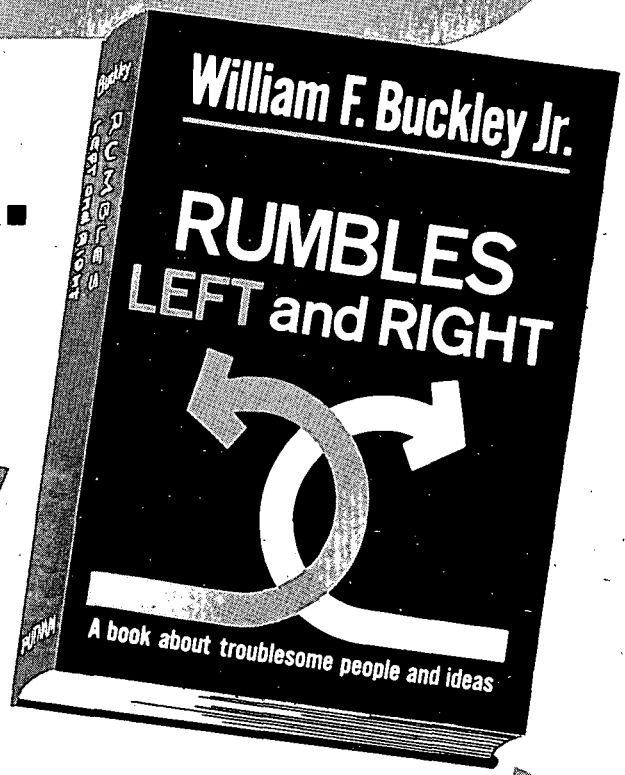

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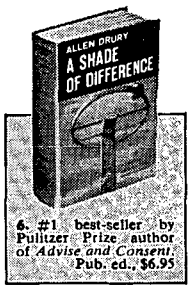

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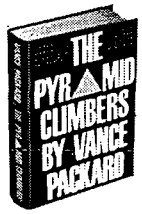

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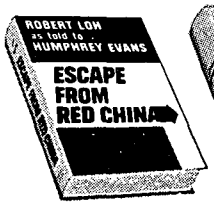

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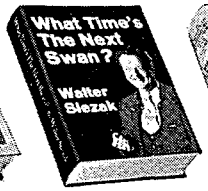

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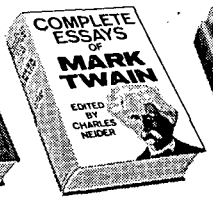

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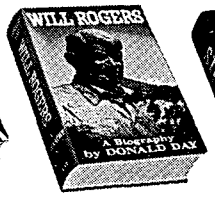

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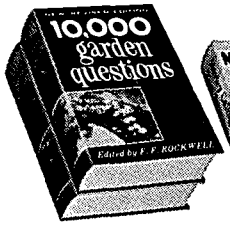

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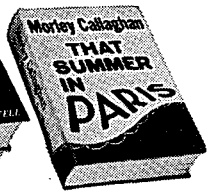

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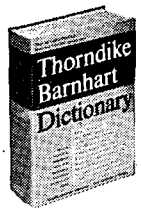

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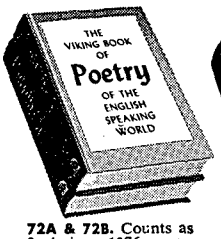

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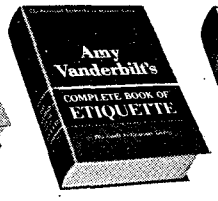

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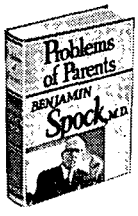

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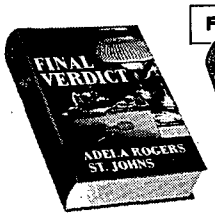

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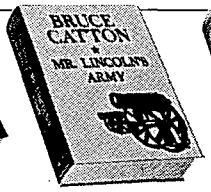

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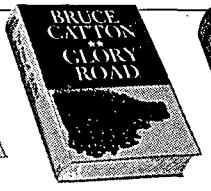

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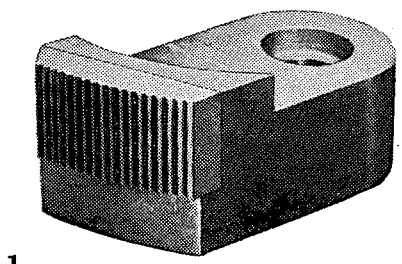

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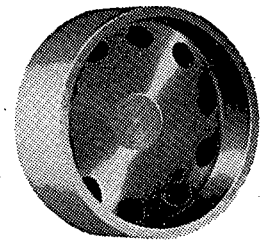

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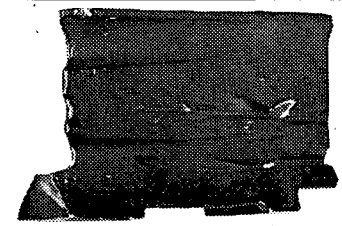

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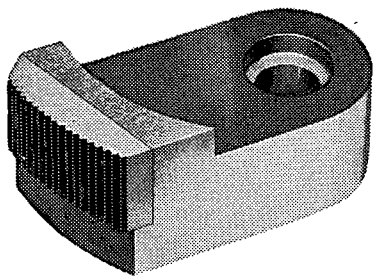

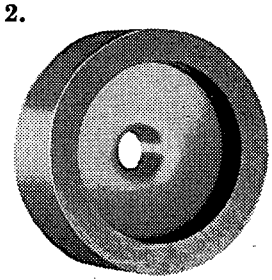

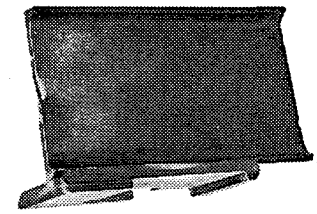

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The WEEK

● As everyone knows, there festers not far from the shores of Florida a threat to the Western Hemisphere. As everyone may not know, the Kennedy Administration is capable of learning from history, despite the efforts of Professor Schlesinger Jr. So the exiles have been briefed; the invasion is planned; the Air Force, the Associated Press revealed last week, has made preliminary reconnaissance flights; and no doubt the CIA and the Pentagon are in daily conference as D-Day sweeps into view. Backed by the full military strength of the nation, the Commander-in-Chief intends to uphold the nation's interests—at the University of Alabama.

● Mr. Goodwin J. Knight, former governor (perhaps that's too strong a word) of California, spoke at a Los Angeles County Republican convention on January 20, and the report has it that he attempted quite a sales pitch for Nelson Rockefeller. The audience razzed him no end, some delegates giving voice to a sentiment not confined to Californians, or to any given Knight-errant: No.

● A leaflet entitled "Cuba: Questions and Answers," dated 29 October 1962, prepared by the Defense Department with help from the State Department, informs the military forces of the United States that President Kennedy's actions in Cuba were not the result of right-wing pressure—because, by contrast one infers, JFK's action had the support "of all responsible political groups." Four days later the base newspaper at Camp Lejeune, a Marine installation, reviewed a book on Cuba by Leo Huberman and Paul Sweezy, whom the paper described as authors with "distinguished records in both journalism and scholarship . . . co-editors of *Monthly Review*, America's leading socialist magazine." The anonymous reviewer calls Castro's conquest of Cuba "one of the most original and important social transformations of our time," and quotes admiringly the admiring reviews of the book by Waldo Frank, the late C. Wright Mills, and—hold your breath, troops—Herbert Matthews. All of which isn't to say that this nation doesn't stand back of the long-term goal of liberating every Cuban in the Orange Bowl.

● The State Department, defending its role in Katanga, reacted to a dissenting voice like Lady Macbeth to the Spot: "Out!" she screeched to Michel Struelens, head of the Katanga Information Agency, canceling his visa. Why? a humble citizen, writing to the State Department, wanted to know. The reply came: "The *United States* plan for Congo unity, which has been accepted by Provincial President Tshombe and is fully supported by the United States, requires the concurrence of the Government of the Congo for representation of provinces abroad. This concurrence has not been forthcoming in Mr. Struelens' case [italics added]." Have a good look at the old battle-axe in her Freudian slip.

● Things are going well at Clemson College, South Carolina, at least for those who believe that no enduring social advantage can arise from public violence. And they're going pretty well for Harvey Gantt, the Negro student whose presence on campus brings to a close the state's history of racial segregation in public schooling; at least he's being left alone, and for the purposes of getting an education that's not too far from an ideal situation. Governor Donald Russell, even while urging the peaceful acceptance of court orders, has pledged himself to continue to fight in the courts against integration. And whatever you think of that program, or Mr. Gantt's program, the present situation is cause for pleasure on one score: it might have been worse. Give 'em a C plus, all round.

● John Osman of the London *Daily Telegraph* witnessed the much-publicized United Nations attack on the Verbrugghe family last month. As their Volkswagen came down the road (an Indian major in Jadotville having told the Belgian civilians "all is quiet—you can go to your houses"), the soldiers of the 4th Madras Regiment dove into the ditches. They shot at the car; and continued to shoot at it after it had stopped. Verbrugghe—his wife and Mme. van den Eyke dying and himself wounded—cried out for a priest. Osman, two other journalists, and the photographer who took the famous photo of the anguished man, approached the car to help. The Indians were in disorder. Osman asked, "Won't somebody do something?" Major Sami Khan, in command, called for a helicopter by radio. "Why did it have to happen?" cried Verbrugghe as his wife died in his arms. "It is a shame," said an Indian officer; "it shouldn't have happened."

● The government of newly independent Burundi noted five persons in jail after conviction and sentencing for complicity in a political conspiracy that resulted in the killing of a royal personage, kin of the present King. This was not nearly good enough for a new nation feeling its oats. The five were hauled out of jail, retried along approved Uhuru lines, and this time, you may be sure, sentenced one and all to death. Three weeks ago they were executed in the

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grand manner, in the great square of the main town, before 20,000 citizens (more than the town's total population) who shouted, danced and generally disported themselves in a manner befitting a free and independent people. From Europe, where the history of the affair was well known, had come vigorous protest, and appeals were made to each and every African nation to intervene with Burundi against this outrage on justice—at least to forgo turning the execution into a savage spectacle. Not one African state responded; not one.

● The Russians have announced that they have just developed a new scientist, whose name will go down in history alongside Isaac Newton's. He is Yevgeny Alexandrov, 43, who has discovered how to do something so complicated involving pneumatic drills that only he, and the Nobel Prize Committee, are capable of understanding it. You will recall that in the last couple of decades the Communists have announced that it was they who founded everything from apples to zebras, and the press dutifully reports, with wide-eyed admiration, every act in the continuing drama of Soviet rodomontade. When will they announce that they discovered the *New York Times*? *That* will separate the men from the boys!

● *Who's Who in the USSR* lists 4,000 distinguished people in Russia. Two conspicuous omissions: Guy Burgess and Donald MacLean, the two gay British diplomats who flitted over the Iron Curtain. Having traded a chance at the House of Peers for a House of Peris, they find the fruits of their treason in lives as nonentities.

● Time was, if you were traveling abroad and wanted to send a package home as a gift, you could send it duty-free if you declared its value was less than $10. A lot of people took advantage of this "loophole," not because they were born crooks, nor because the duty really was all that burdensome, but because the bureaucratic complexities of customs calculations take a lot of the fun out of a vacation. So Uncle Sam retaliates by unraveling still more red tape: from now on the duty-free limit will be $1. One effect of this change is easy to predict; small shopkeepers overseas will do a lot less business with American tourists. Despite its Trade Expansion kick, the Administration seems to be moving toward protectionism step by step.

● A memo from the New York City Board of Education calls for textbooks that emphasize "the significant contributions to our development" made by minority groups. Too much space, apparently, has been allotted heretofore to the Anglo-Saxon community, with its Washingtons, Jeffersons and Franklins, at the expense of ignoring the minorities. Mere mention of the Carvers and Mayses is insufficient: their mode of living and the virtues and folkways of the tribe must be covered in detail. Yet we are supposed to be Americans together and to avoid race feelings—because, it is said, the differences don't really exist. But our children are to read textbooks that stress those differences, that deal with hyphenated Americans (Polish-Americans, Italian-Americans, Jewish-Americans, etc.). Do *you* get it?

● "Best wishes," said the telegram from Democratic state Senator Jack Bronston, "I admire your desire to participate in politics. . . ." Republican leader Fred Preller attended the ceremonies and cut the ribbon at the new Party Clubhouse. And so, with a good crowd on hand, the Conservative Party Club of Hollis, N.Y. set up shop, as a member in good standing of the second oldest profession.

● Commissioner Howard Morgan of the Federal Power Commission has resigned, after a short career of almost unbroken dissent from the decisions of his compeers, and has explained his action as a cry from the ideological *profundis*, to wit, the FPC has been too favorable to private enterprise. If Mr. Morgan means that a segment of private industry is going better than it might if there weren't an FPC at all, why doesn't he come right out with the radical solution, and urge the abolition of the FPC?

● Great White Father down in Washington is trying to move the Campbell County Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation office away from Mound City, S.D. and a hundred Sioux danced a week in the streets to help their local friends, the townspeople, protest. Tribal spokesman Aljoe Agaard explains: "We too have had agreements and treaties broken, and are now attempting to resist the government on Indian land." Send in the cavalry, Bobby.

● PITY THE POOR PEOPLE DEPT.: Lamenting the decrepitude of New Jersey education, the *Worker* laid it on the line: "The only question is how to raise new taxes. Who shall pay? Almost $300,000,000 out of a total of 500 million are already being paid by the poor people of the state in the form of gasoline taxes, 124 million; motor vehicle taxes, 82 million; cigarette taxes, 63 million; and beverage taxes, 24 million. . . ."

● Harvard's International Relations Council will send a delegation to a model UN forum in Washington this month, where Adlai Stevenson and Senator Fulbright will be among the speakers. The Harvard lads will play-act as a delegation from the Soviet Union or one of the Soviet satellites, and will be trained by the relevant embassy in Washington.

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Play-act fiercely, Harvard! Thump shoe on desk, O Crimson! Don't Pusey-foot with Adlai! And for Kennedy's sake don't get Adlai riled up. He has a turrible temper, and a killer instinct. (Carbon to Stewart Alsop.)

● A lady of our acquaintance, who feels strongly about jurisdictional disputes, ran across one while shopping along Fifth Avenue recently, in three rather forlorn pickets. Our friend immediately crossed the avenue and entered the store in question. "May I help you?" asked an alert saleswoman. "No, thank you very much," said the lady, who is nothing if not a lady, "I just wanted to cross a picket line."

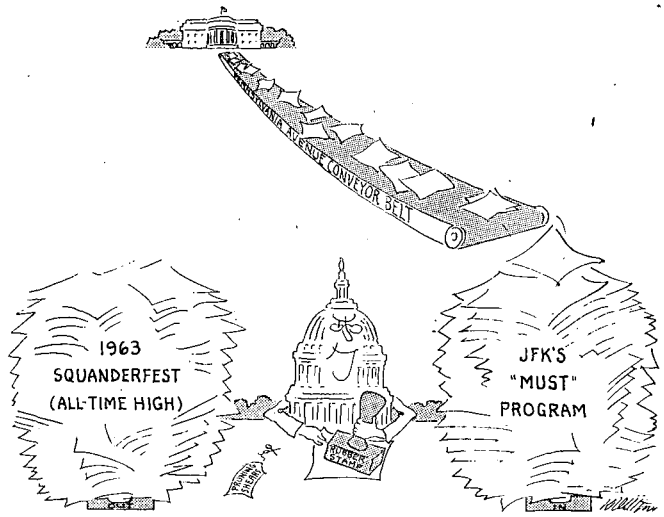
● Where's Soapy?

The Crystallization of Gaullism

General de Gaulle's declaration of war against the Anglo-Saxon powers confirms the analysis of Gaullism made by Jacques Soustelle in this journal last summer. "Seeking [a Franco-German] hegemony," he wrote, "de Gaulle must declare himself favorable to some sort of European unification, but must *at the same time* make impossible any political and military integration of Europe that would deprive the French state of its absolute autonomy and its separate nuclear force."

England had been dragging her feet, and it was one thing for de Gaulle to advise her that she would have to stop shilly-shallying, accept the terms of the Treaty of Rome or withdraw. But it is retrospectively clear that the last thing de Gaulle ever wanted was English compliancy. He hoped England's reactionary socialists and Tory back benchers would blackball England's application. But England showed herself, in recent weeks, ready to take the punishment as the price of admission. And so de Gaulle had to play his hand. The veto.

Why, why, why? Alas, for the reasons, it is increasingly clear, suggested by Mr. Soustelle and by other critics of de Gaulle, who, knowing him well, know him to be a man obsessed with the necessity of transcending the East-West quarrel, by developing a third force, dominated by himself. What de Gaulle, who God knows is no Communist, fails to realize is that no one can transcend the existing quarrel between East and West, because it is staged on an apocalyptic battlefield, from which, if the Communist emerges the victor, there will be no spoils left over, not even for aloof six-foot-four generals who lord it over ancient parts of Europe. But, the Gaullist will remind us, we will have The Bomb—what can Russia do to us then? France's bomb will not be an imposing atomic power for at least six years. By that time de Gaulle will be gone, and the victory over France would be political and psychological, not military.



"The suggestion that Congress be paid for Not Legislating in order to save taxpayers fifty billion a year is not only frivolous but has grave anti-Agriculture Department implications. What do they think this is —a government of checks and balances?"

Soustelle predicted three things. That France under de Gaulle would liquidate, as distracting to the main purpose, her colonies in Africa. That has been done. That de Gaulle himself would stand in the way of the effective unification of Europe. De Gaulle did that last week. And that de Gaulle will, at the height of his power, consummate his dream by making a deal with the Soviet Union. As Soustelle put it: "Since its ultimate objective is the creation of a European bloc reaching from Paris to Moscow, it is clear that this policy, in order to succeed, must keep open the bridges leading to the Kremlin, even at the risk of a dangerous strain on relations with America."

General de Gaulle is very close to the height of his power.

They've Got a Secret

Granted that states will have secrets, one wonders whether the public interest is served when the state has nothing but secrets. Maybe the Kennedy Administration has passed the point of prudence and is forging another link in the chain of Democratic Deals. FDR had his New Deal, Harry Truman his Fair Deal. John Kennedy has his Secret Deal.

It looks that way in Cuba, after all. The only explanation for the striking divergence between Administration talk and Administration action must be a secret commitment. Did Kennedy promise not to invade Cuba? Did Khrushchev promise to beef up

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his forces there to keep Castro in hand? Did Kennedy promise not to press for on-site inspections? Did Khrushchev promise to allow aerial inspection without interdiction? Did Kennedy *promise* to haul our missiles out of Turkey and Italy? Is there or is there not a quarantine? Whose *quid* was traded for whose *quo*? Is it a *good* bargain?

Maybe the same kind of thing is coming up in Hungary. Has Kennedy agreed to look the other way while the UN tosses the Soviet aggression in Hungary into the memory hole? Sir Leslie Munro is forced off the Hungary question; U Thant takes it over, no doubt to bury it. The UN stops its radio broadcasts to Hungary. One hears that Cardinal Mindszenty and the jailed leaders of the 1956 revolt will get a whiff of freedom. Who knows the details?

In Berlin one senses much the same. Khrushchev —did he promise to lay off? In return for Kennedy's assurance that he wouldn't put up a fight if the UN insinuated its foggy presence in the city where the confrontation between freedom and slavery is too sharp, too demanding, for the votaries of sybaritic diplomacy? Is this a gain for the West?

What has Kennedy promised Macmillan in exchange for the decision to drop the Skybolt program?

States will have their secrets, but there's a difference between a minimum necessary discretion and the Rooseveltization of American diplomatic processes. The Congress should know; the voters should know: not because we are merely inquisitive, but because we all, citizens and congressmen, have too much reason to fear that the U.S. doesn't win much in agreements it hesitates to make public. That way lies Yalta—and Yalta's lies.

Note on the Black Muslims

The fastest growing and by far the most dangerous Negro movement in this country is the Muslim Cult of Islam, led by a Negro who has taken the name of Elijah Muhammad, "Messenger of Allah." The Black Muslims—who have no connection with real Mohammedanism — are ferociously anti-white and anti-Christian, are contemptuous of the NAACP and all groups advocating racial integration, believe in violence, and train actively for the War of Armageddon, in which the blacks will kill all the whites. They have perhaps a hundred thousand members (claiming a quarter of a million), and in the past year or so have been involved in riots and killings in Los Angeles and Chicago.

The Communist Party, striving to maintain close relations with the NAACP, has steered clear of the Muslims up to now, but a new Communist line is foreshadowed by Claude Lightfoot, a leading Negro

For the Record

Europe's sports community shocked by Ulbricht's sentencing cycling champ Harry Seidel to life imprisonment for tunneling operations under Wall. . . . Brazil counterspy chief says documents found on Cuban in Varig airliner wreckage have shown location of Communist arms caches; thinks weapons "all over Brazil" for upcoming Communist revolt. Other OAS countries shake up security forces. . . . Common Market symptom: 46,000 West German workers commute from foreign homes—24,000 from Holland. . . . Conservatives cheered by Rep. John Lindsay's (Lib., N.Y.) failure to get seat on Foreign Affairs Committee.

Castro firing squads kill 6,000 since August, reports Cuban Information Service. . . . Observers see central control in Southeast Asian revolutionary activity. The plan: simultaneous revolts in Thailand and Brunei, new push in South Vietnam. . . . Two thousand Cuban youths (300 girls) train in Moscow for subversive activities. . . . Uruguay's embassy in Havana bursting with 600 Cuban refugees. . . . All 83,000 Italian doctors on week-end strike against government effort to set minimum fees. . . . In four years since Khrushchev gave ultimatum, West Berlin's industrial output climbed 50%—world's highest growth rate. . . . East German industry gasping: Chinese raw materials cutoff ties up metals, ceramic, electrical plants. . . . Communist-led Afro-Asian Solidarity Organization meets in Tanganyika.

UNtruth: On Dec. 27 Reuters reports UN spokesman called "ridiculous" Tshombe's charge UN wanted to end Katanga's secession by military force. . . . Teachers Union riots in Bengal in protest against diversion of union funds to Communist Party. . . . New five-foot hole blown in Wall. . . . Where Are They Now?: Prominent Liberal publisher in mental institution. . . . Oxford's Colin Clark, prominent free market specialist, predicts U.S. gold drain will cease during summer and gold will begin to come back. Reason: overemployment in Europe, resultant inflation. . . . Sued for one million dollars: National Review (which hasn't got enough credit to get an American Express Card!). By: Linus Pauling, the peacemaker. . . . Render unto Caesar: Sweden may remove sales tax on Bible.

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Robert Frost, RIP

Robert Frost not only worked hard to be a great man, he fought hard to be recognized as a great man, for there are forces at work in every society which would neglect and stunt the poet. This aspect of his life will probably be overlooked in the encomiums, so it is best that it be emphasized here. He had the high fortune to outlive his enemies—by which I do not mean those critics who would dissect and deprecate his achievement, for there is always the war of the critic on the creator; but rather those persons who by inherent philistinism that is more unconscious than unkind, failed to do the things that would give the poet the space and sustenance he needs. These forces Frost fought, covertly and openly, courageously and continuously.

Sometimes he fought by begging, as when he asked his grandfather to back him for awhile; sometimes by hiding, sequestering himself in his shack in the Vermont hills; sometimes by taking to his heels, moving his family to England; sometimes by accepting generous offers, as when he, a man without a degree, was named a full professor by President Alexander Meiklejohn at Amherst College; sometimes by refusing offers and public appearances. Sometimes simply by being ornery. His magnanimity, however, was easily tapped.

He had his moments of black despair, and they may yet be told. He suffered in his family, and, undoubtedly, by wondering to what extent he had let his family suffer. His first-born died in infancy. A daughter died in childbirth; another daughter broke mentally. His wife's death came at a time in life when his broadening affairs needed the help she could have given. Not long after her death, his talented son Carol, who seemed to inherit the genius, was a suicide in 1940. Friends saved him from heaven knows what. He had devoted friends, and he was a stout friend. He never lost the consciousness of the importance of his mission—if he ever considered it such—or at least of the dignity of the poet. If he had, he would have been lost.

During the thirties when the New Deal was running high and Frost was a dissenter, he suffered an eclipse that had overtones of ostracism. He was a conservative at heart and in his bones, and however he stretched his magnanimity to see all sides, he was not happy over the growth of statism and bureaucracy. He was criticized and shunned for not showing a "social sense." The major criticism moved against him is that his poetry does not have an integral myth behind it as one finds in Dante, Eliot, Pound or even Yeats; that he was more cagey than committed. The scholars will squabble over that; the new criticism never knew quite what to make of Frost. The public loved him because he lived long enough to instruct them.

In the oldest-fashioned sense he was a patriot. He was never known to vote and his interest in politics was mainly nostalgic; he was longing for a day that was past. But he had "passionate preferences"—his own phrase—and was ready to declare them. He had no sympathy for the United Nations because he did not want to see the sovereignty of the United States diminished, and lacked faith in the ability of the organization to accomplish much. He loved his country and he loved democracy. He once defined it as the best way to find the best men.

He believed in men taking care of themselves and he felt uneasy at the growth of collectivism. "I know we have to give away the United States," he would say, "but let's do it slowly." He was without bigotry; but knew how to hate. He was not a pacifist, and seemed to regret a bit that he had never borne arms. "I've never had to face bullets," he told more than one audience and then offered varying consequent thoughts. He envied Yeats' being made a member of the Irish senate, and wished that the United States might do something like that for him. He would have liked to have had a hand in things; and was equal to it. President Kennedy's inclusion of him in the inauguration gladdened his heart. His heart was big; and his memory long. When Ezra Pound was unable to take care of himself, Frost set out and did battle for him.

The high point in his career of honors undoubtedly came when he went to England to receive degrees from Oxford and Cambridge. He was conscious of a rivalry between himself and Eliot, or between their factions; and Eliot's deference to him in London bolstered him in a trip that was undoubtedly full of fears. His pride was titanic, and he would have preferred being torn apart by wild horses to looking bad in the England that recognized him before his own country did. But there was patriotism involved as well as personal pride.

His friends always grieved that he never won the Nobel Prize for Literature, and it is a blot on the critical judgment of the parties to that procedure that he did not. It was Sweden that was denied honor rather than Frost. Publicly he showed no interest; but he was a man conscious of honors (partly because they came late) and he would not have refused.

Sensitivity sifts through some men in a more electric manner than through others, and a sensitivity of unbelievable voltage shot through Frost. It made him a great poet, most likely America's greatest so far, and it made him a great companion; and it could make him a great trial for those who bore with him and for him. It made him incredibly kind; and one of a kind we shall not see again for a generation. As his friend Edwin Arlington Robinson said, we are permitted only one Titan at a time.

HERBERT A. KENNY

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Communist, in a long article published in *Political Affairs,* the Party's theoretical organ. Lightfoot recalls that the Party has long supported the idea of a separate Negro nation ("Self-determination for the Black Belt!"). He calls for a united front between the Party and "our Muslim brothers . . . in the great battle for freedom in the United States."

That Ain't Hay

Wheat farmers put to a vote each year the choice between lower price supports or acceptance of the government's acreage controls. Each year they have accepted acreage controls, but last August the scheme passed by the lowest margin on record, only 1.7 points above the required two-thirds majority.

Consequently the American Farm Bureau Federation is encouraged to start a major campaign to defeat the wheat referendum this year. With a total of 1,600,000 members it is the largest farm organization (National Grange has 500,000; National Farmers Union 300,000; National Association of Wheat Growers 50,000), and this year it will face the juiciest target since the Brannan Plan. For the Administration once more will attempt to force a physical quota on each wheat grower, and the Farm Bureau Federation rightly sees in this ultimate step the inevitable death of freedom on the farm.

Although the smaller farm groups support Agriculture Secretary Freeman's proposals, the Farm Bureau Federation surmises that the slim margin of the last wheat referendum and the enormity of the Administration's schemes, if properly broadcast through field and pasture, will lead to a signal defeat for the Administration—and a healthy stride away from agricultural dictatorship.

McNamara's Ban

Oh, me name is McNamara and I come from Michigan,
And along with Oxford Willie I am famous for the ban,
The ban that keeps our ginerals and admirals and such
From anti-Communistic talk that gets us all in Dutch.

Right now we've got them off their stride
and keeping still as mice,
Instead of making Khrushchev mad by givin' bad advice
To soldier boys and sailor lads and folks who've got the vote
(Of course the trouble truly was it got JFK's goat).

To lead the world and keep the peace we shouldn't have to fight,
Sweet reason will in time prevail if only we are right,
And right we'll be, as Fulbright proves, if only we'll concede
We're stupid in our policies and very wrong indeed.

As me name is McNamara so this makes good sense to me,
As I learned it from the Senator, a man of high degree,
Who wrote this lib'ral logic in a memo just for me,
To guide me in my anti-anti-Commie policy.

Chorus:
Oh, the drums go bang and the cymbals clang
And I get the old Bronx cheer.
Strom Thurmond smites me hip and t'igh,
Goldwater boots my rear.
But the left-wing press is with us
And their music-making's grand—
A credit to those thinking men
Is McNamara's Ban.

W. H. VON DREELE

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IN THE NEXT ISSUE

A LIBERAL TALKS BACK
by Steve Allen

and

INSIDE THE C.E.D.
by W. F. Rickenbacker

Up from the Memory Hole

METROTIMES 4.20.61 DOUBLEPLUSUNGOODWISE REPORTED MINIPEACEFUL VICTORY PIGBAY REFERRED UNEVENTS CRIMETHINK BB RECTIFY FULLWISE SUB LB GOODTHINKFUL PROLEFEED SOONEST—RECDEP, THE WHITEHOUSE

* * *

"Marsopa proceeding Blue Beach with three Lou's (landing craft). *If low jet cover is not furnished at first light, believe we will lose all ships. Request immediate reply. . . ."* (Radio message from Bay of Pigs Commander to Pentagon, intercepted on April 18, 1961)

TO ALL SECTIONS: The mass media reported the War Department's action at the Bay of Pigs extremely badly, referring to things which did not happen and thus causing criminal misimpressions of the President's part. Prepare a corrected report for popular distribution and submit it to Robert Kennedy immediately. /RECDEP.

". . . Blue Beach under attack by MiGs and T-33. Request immediate jet support or cannot hold. Pepe." (Battalion 2506 Commander Col. José Pérez San Román)

"I can say unequivocally that President Kennedy never withdrew U.S. air cover. . . . In fact, there never were any plans made for U.S. air cover, so there was nothing to withdraw." (Robert Kennedy)

"'Over you will be air cover,' we were told, 'and back of you the Navy and land forces of the United States and other free nations of the Americas. You cannot fail.' We did not fail. We were betrayed." (Invasion veteran Mañuel Penabaz)

Q. "Wasn't there to be air cover of the beaches from Central America?" *(U.S. News & World Report)*

A. "That is correct—and that was not disturbed. All of the planes that were supposed to be utilized were utilized. . . . I might say they proved to be inadequate . . . but not because of some last-minute decision by the President or anyone else." (Robert Kennedy)

". . . under the guise of 'news,' the Attorney General is engaged in a massive readjustment of facts concerning the invasion attempt." "I myself talked with President Kennedy . . . and I certainly got the impression that an air cover had been part of the original plans." (Sen. Barry Goldwater)

"Do you people realize how desperate the situation is? Do you back us or quit? All we want is low jet cover and jet close support. Enemy has this support. I need it badly or cannot survive. Please don't desert us. Out of bazooka and tank ammo. Tanks will hit me at dawn." (Col. San Román)

"The President had made it clear from the beginning, prior to the approval of this operation, American manpower, American air power and American ships would not be used." (Robert Kennedy)

"We cannot give you any further support. You are on your own." (Last message to beachhead)

"And you, sir, are a son of a bitch!" (San Román's reply)

* * *

"I am taking trouble with you, Winston. . . . You are mentally deranged. You suffer from a defective memory. You are unable to remember real events, and you persuade yourself that you remember other events which never happened. Fortunately it is curable." (O'Brien, *1984*)

Notes and Asides

Dept. of Clarification: A distinguished reader of this magazine, who however was brought up on the ideological nomenclature of the *New York Times*, has complained bitterly over our use of the word "left-wing" (*NR Bulletin*, Jan. 8, 1963), to describe Muñoz Marín of Puerto Rico, Rómulo Betancourt of Venezuela, José Figueres of Costa Rica, and Raúl Haya de la Torre of Peru. "Does this mean that Pepe Figueres is not an anti-Communist, that he is really a crypto-fellow traveler? Or Betancourt, who is proscribing the CP, is the favorite target of Castro's assassins, and is under constant Moscow Radio denunciation? . . . I think somebody ought to tell us what the word 'left-wing' means when used in *NR*."

Somebody is glad to oblige. Left-wing as we use it means left-but-not-Communist. The *Times* often uses "left" as a synonym for pro-Communist, but in doing so fails to show definitional enterprise. For instance, the *Times* will refer to "left-leaning Paul Robeson" where NATIONAL REVIEW would say "pro-Communist Paul Robeson." Betancourt, who is so much plagued by the Communists nowadays, is a leftist, as especially evidenced by his characteristic blindness to the dangers of Communism, back when he airily opened the floodgates to the Communist tide that now threatens to drown Venezuela.

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No Wonder They Get Away With It

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

ON THE RIGHT

If you think the ten million New Yorkers who are without newspapers now for going on eight weeks are teeming with resentment, or that the tens of millions inconvenienced by the dock strikes were a lit fuse making their way slowly but surely towards explosion, you are quite wrong. We are inconvenienced, hurt economically, annoyed, even angry, sort of. But there is all the difference in the world between a passive and a purposive resentment. The former doesn't ever get very much done. The latter can move mountains—which is about what it's going to take if we ever hope to teach the labor union leaders that they cannot hold up entire communities for their particular ends. What they are now doing in the East to individual entrepreneurs, to actors, to delicatessen owners, to waiters, school teachers, journalists—everybody—is not morally different from robbing a bank. In both cases they are taking the savings of innocent people, against whom they have no claim of damage, whatsoever.

In talking about "public resentment" we usually have in mind such major matters of public moment as summit conferences, coast-to-coast strikes, genocidal warfare, that kind of thing. There is little enough resentment against macrocosmic assaults on the human order. Why? I profoundly believe it takes a lot of practice to become a moral slob, and that if there is anything the American people are diligently engaged in acquiring, it is that skill, that indifference to things minor which carries over to things major. We simply don't complain about little things; and so a part of our nervous system becomes inert—the part that should be tingling and on edge if we are to escape totalitarianization by those who exercise great power.

I hasten to add I am myself among the very worst offenders. I tend to complain only in print; in my personal life I am about like a vegetable, except when some silly little things happen to arouse me. Are you the same? What happened to you today for which there is no rational excuse? And what did you do about it? Have you traveled on airplanes recently? A week ago, half way between New York and Minneapolis on a jet airplane, a couple of the engines acted up. They began firing like an acetylene torch. Then they would lurch drunkenly towards a complete stall, then zoom, they would fire again, at what felt like 10,000 RPM. Not a word of explanation from the captain or co-pilot. After twenty minutes or so, during which the apocalyptic cycle was repeated at least five times, I finally summoned first my courage, then the stewardess, and asked: "Would you mind telling me what is the probable cause of my imminent death?" She replied airily that there was apparently something wrong with the engines, nothing serious. I asked her whether or not the passengers might express their preferences on whether to crash in Ohio or in Illinois, preferring the former as I had just finished reading an article comparing the death taxes in the two states. She smiled prettily and beamed off—not, I suspect, to relay my Last Choice to the captain.

Two days later on another airplane we set off at 5:00 P.M. for a six-hour flight, and at 5:10 my dinner tray was plunked in front of me. Why, I asked, must I eat at five if I could just as well eat at seven, or eight? The stewardess had to radio headquarters to receive permission to delay my meal. One airline adamantly refuses to serve you what they are pleased to call "an alcoholic beverage" before dinner, on the grounds that the president of the airline wants to shield women and children from exposure to the corrupting sight of whisky—though it is all right for them to be corrupted if they travel first class. Would you believe it, grown men and women put up with this imposition on the individual's right to decide for himself whether he wants a drink before dinner—the very least you can do to distract your mind from your affront against the laws of nature by sitting in a 100-foot-long bullet zooming across the atmosphere at 600 miles per hour. Malcolm Muggeridge, the British humorist and critic, got so angry with BOAC recently when they refused, for some arbitrary reason, to give him a drink, that when time came to land in London he retaliated by refusing to fasten his seat belt. (That night he dreamed he was up for sentencing at Old Bailey, and the judge, reaching for a suitable penalty, meted out twenty years of hard labor on Anthony Eden's memoirs.)

I do not rail against the heavenly virtue of meekness. Most of the earth's trials one must bear with the submissiveness of a Christian martyr. There is simply nothing to be done, for instance, about adolescents, the weather, Presidential platitudes, or the *New York Times*. But unless we cultivate the spirit to complain against affronts on the dignity or rationality of mankind, we encourage a spiritual torpor which makes the power-hungry go positively wild with lust. I sometimes have the impression the only thing anyone complains about any more is my sweet-tempered column. More power to my critics. If they will practice up on how to complain, maybe they'll learn to complain purposefully against the appeasement of Communists abroad and, at home, our policy of creeping surrender to monopoly labor unions and to omnipotent government.

Start with the little things. Don't become a grouch. But don't let them push you around. If absolutely necessary, refuse to fasten your seat belt.

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From Washington Straight

CATO

In the past few weeks the New Frontier has undertaken a whole series of steps so far-reaching in implication that they have stunned many here in Washington. Administration critics have reacted with sullen frustration. The reason for the frustration is the simple fact that these developments, which involve the very survival of the United States as a free Republic, have evoked little more than a shrug from the American public. It has been common belief among Republicans, and many Democrats as well, that the Administration is—well, let's be blunt about it—not completely wedded to the truth. Moreover, there is more than a little evidence that this aversion to the facts is coupled with a slight distaste for principle.

Cato

Part of the trouble arises because so many actions of a highly questionable nature have occurred in recent weeks that it is virtually impossible to communicate a sense of alarm over any one individual step.

Here, in capsule form, are some of the developments that have furrowed so many brows:

1. The $1,000-dollar-a-plate dinner which preceded the $100-dollar-a-ticket gala celebrating the second anniversary of the New Frontier. In ordinary times the implications of this affair would have provoked a scandal of monumental proportions. But it caused barely a ripple because it took place at a time when the entire nation's attention was riveted on other events.

Just look at the facts surrounding the affair. To begin with, the gala itself gave forth so strong an odor of venal Boston machine politics that even the *Washington Post* could smell it. It was an open secret all over town that civil service employees had been forced to buy tickets to the affair (the pols even provided an installment plan for the lower grade bureaucrats who couldn't ante up the hundred bucks all at once). The perceptive Civil Service columnist of the *Post,* Jerry Klutz, was overwhelmed with stories about the brutal tactics employed in pushing the tickets. But he wasn't in a position to name names, for that would have cost his correspondents their jobs. The Republican Congressional Newsletter called it "the New Frontier cocktail: Hatch Act on-the-rocks."

But by far the worst aspect of the episode involved the solicitation and sale of $1,000 tickets to a dinner with the First Family. Those who were approached to buy the tickets (businessmen, lobbyists from all over the nation) were told 1) the President would table-hop and say hello to everybody (he did); 2) the purchaser would get a gold-embossed card signifying membership in the "President's Club" (remember the Billie Sol Estes gold card?); and 3) the White House would set up a special liaison office where gold card-holders could get a little help in their problems with the federal bureaucracy (Goldfine was really a piker: all he had was little old Sherman Adams who really didn't do any good).

One would expect that such a blatant display of influence-peddling on an organized basis would have provoked cries of outrage all over the nation. It didn't.

2. The removal of missile bases from Turkey and other European nations. During the Cuban crisis anyone who suggested that maybe, just maybe, the President would give in to Khrushchev's demand that we dismantle these bases in return for a supposititious removal of Soviet missiles from Cuba would have been branded a near-traitor.

As a matter of fact, the *Satevepost* story that Adlai Stevenson had advocated just such a course triggered a curfuffle that has not yet died down.

But now, a few months later, here we are dismantling the bases. It is of course not part of a *quid pro quo,* the Administration tells us. Just a coincidence. Last month there was a rumor that the Administration had made a deal with Khrushchev to the effect that the U.S. would stay out of Soviet affairs in Europe in return for a Soviet promise to keep out of this hemisphere. Although the sources of this rumor had proved reliable in the past, it was dismissed as too incredible to be worth repeating. But now, in rapid succession, we have announced the withdrawal of our missile bases (and Polaris-firing submarines in the Mediterranean are no real substitute for these bases, according to some Pentagon sources), started to fan the flames of disagreement with Spain and Portugal, undertaken a unilateral ban on underground nuclear testing, and even witnessed a report by a congressional group headed by Mike Mansfield which virtually advocates withdrawal of United States forces from Europe.

In the light of these developments, repetition of the details of the rumor is justified. As part of the deal Soviet forces, according to the word, are in Cuba to keep Castro in power. But they will be pulled out in accordance with publicly applied Administration pressures. And when they go they will pull the strings that will topple Castro from power. Ergo, another great Administration victory (like the removal of missiles from Cuba two weeks before the elections).

3. The statement by the Attorney General that no air cover was promised to the Bay of Pigs invaders. Bobby later backpedaled on the statement by trying to differentiate between "U.S. air cover" and "air cover." This of course provoked a furor. But few undertook to look at the real significance of this statement. For, on the basis of facts available, this was no mere misreading of history; it was outright falsification. Most significant in this regard is the fact, reported by *Time* and others, that the ransomed Bay of Pigs prisoners were warned even before they reached the U.S. that they were not to say anything about this subject. Thus, weeks before the statement was made, members of the Attorney General's own official family were laying the groundwork for this exercise in rewriting history.

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Just War in the Nuclear Age

Must we allow the existence of nuclear weapons to blind us to the folly of policies of surrender? Western morality supplies the answer

FRANK S. MEYER

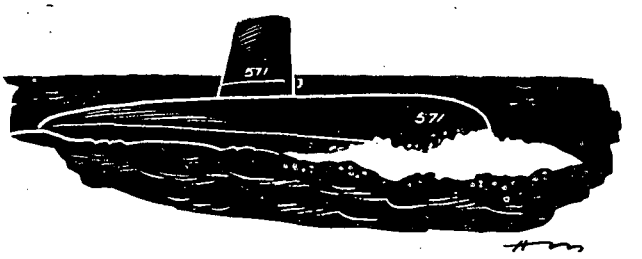
The primary causes of the paralysis of American foreign policy in the face of the Communist drive for world conquest are clear. The inconsequence of our world stance (if the conglomerate of noble words and base appeasement that passes for our foreign policy can be called a stance) derives directly from the blindness to reality and the enfeeblement of will of the Liberal leadership.

This conservatives have by and large thoroughly understood. But granted the achievement of direction over the destinies of the nation by men purged of the Liberal infection and determined to conduct, with manful purpose, the struggle Communism has forced upon us, do there not remain serious moral problems in the conduct of that struggle under the circumstances created by the monstrously destructive power of thermonuclear weapons with quasi-instantaneous means of delivery? Do not the problems raised in men's minds by this portentous power contribute to the comparative ease with which acceptance is won for Liberal policies that ignore reality and move with inexorable logic towards surrender? And have we conservatives sufficiently come to grips with the moral problems that the determination to win victory over Communism brings in its train in a nuclear age?

The Soviet Union possesses nuclear weapons and delivery systems which, however far behind Communist propaganda claims they may in fact be, are more than sufficient to force submission upon us if we should ever renounce nuclear warfare ourselves when it is necessary for our national survival and the survival of Western civilization. At this point most argument with proponents of American nuclear disarmament becomes a fruitless occupation, because they refuse to recognize the single-minded devotion of the Communist leadership to the conquest of the world and its radical rejection of any moral standard for its actions except the duty and necessity of bringing about Communist control of the world. "Mutual nuclear disarmament" is, therefore, an impossible concept, since there is no way, however strict inspection agreements might be, of enforcing disarmament upon a Communist totalitarian society, and there are no moral sanctions that would constrain the Communist leadership—as there is no way in which the free and open society of the United States could or would evade fulfillment of such an agreement. All proposals for nuclear disarmament are in reality, that is to say, proposals for unilateral nuclear disarmament.

In order to put the moral problem created by nuclear weapons realistically, the ostrich-like refusal to accept the reality of Communism must be ignored and the question posed in its starkest form: granted the certainty of Communist conquest of the world if we repudiate the use of nuclear weapons, is the use of such unimaginably devastating weapons nevertheless immoral? If not, under what circumstances and with what limitations is their use morally justified?

The only way this question can be satisfactorily answered is by driving to bedrock. It is necessary to push aside the imprecision and sentimentality which have obscured discussion, and face the question on moral grounds—by the use of reason grappling with the new problems created by twentieth-century technology on the basis of the traditional wisdom of the West.



The Conditions of Just War

The teaching of Western civilization, developed over centuries by patient application of moral wisdom and rational analysis to war and warfare, asserts that if war is conducted for a just cause and if the intention of those who conduct it is not perverted by secondary evil motives, then the morality of the measures used must be judged by two essential criteria: 1) they must not be intended directly for evil purposes, and 2) the principle of proportionality must be observed—that is, the force used must not be greater than absolutely necessary, and any evil effects attendant upon the use of that force must be proportional to the gravity of the aim (*e.g.*, though the destruction of the Communist regime in Cuba is undoubtedly demanded morally, it would be far out of proportion, and therefore immoral, to use thermonuclear weapons against Cuba).

Let us examine our problem in the light of these criteria.

The justice of our cause is categorical: for 45 years Communism has waged a relentless and unceasing war against all human civilization, particularly Western civilization. For the past 15 years at least, that war has been directed against the United States as the only force capable of standing in the way of the Communist goal of world domination. There can be no question of our moral obligation to resist, to counterattack, to destroy, this powerful and proclaimed enemy

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of man and God. Indeed, the immorality of which we are guilty resides not in the degree to which we are determined to fight for his destruction, but in the confusion of purpose and the pusillanimity we have hitherto displayed. That immorality has been registered on the streets of Budapest and the shores of the Bay of Pigs, in the slave camps of China and the bloody puddles beneath the Berlin Wall.

Nor need we, after due search of our conscience, find ourselves guilty of any evil secondary intention in wholeheartedly conducting the war that has been thrust upon us. Perhaps never in history has there been a nation so powerful as the United States with so little desire to dominate others.

It may be that our Liberals have a prurient itch to tell other people how they ought to live, but this is the poking finger of the social worker —unpleasant, but far removed from the plundering cruelty of the conqueror. Our entrepreneurs, it is true, are anxious for markets, but their desire is trade, not rapine. What the American people want above all is to be left alone.

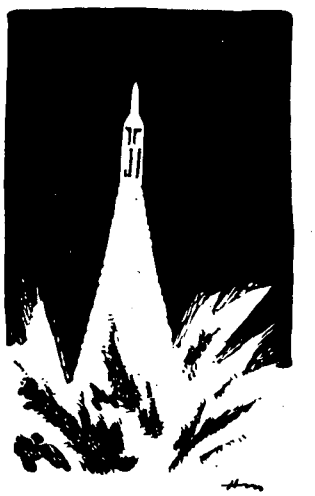
Morality of Nuclear Weapons

Given the justice of our cause and the cleanliness of our intentions, however, the question still remains: is the use of nuclear weapons with their horrific effect a morally justified measure in the prosecution of the war that has been thrust upon us?

To begin with, two questions that are often confused with the question of the morality of nuclear bombardment should be cleared up. First, the possession of preponderant power can never justify a war aim of "unconditional surrender," because such an aim is inevitably out of proportion to the necessities that justify war. The effective removal of a leadership devoted to aggression for evil, yes; but the unconditional surrender of a nation as a whole, no. Unconditional removal of the Nazi leadership yesterday and the Communist leadership tomorrow, yes; but unconditional surrender of the German or the Russian nation, no. The demand for unconditional surrender is the *hubris* that transforms the justice of a cause into injustice.

Second, measures of war directed to the obliteration of populations as their central purpose are always and everywhere immoral, whether they are the action of the Athenian *demos* armed with sword and bow, or the bombardment of Rotterdam and London, of Hamburg and Dresden, with high explosives and incendiaries—or of Hiroshima and Nagasaki with nuclear bombs.

The issue is not the character of the weapons, but the direction and intent of the blow. The force used must not be greater than the minimum necessary to achieve the objective, and that objective must be destruction of the enemy's military power, not terrorization and slaughter of civilian populations.



Of course it goes without saying, considering the character of nuclear weapons, that every other method of achieving victory should be utilized first, with the aim of making the use of nuclear weapons unnecessary: peripheral warfare with every available resource (*e.g.*, an attack on the mainland of China by Chiang Kai-shek's troops; armed support to our friends, of the sort we should have given Tshombe); black political warfare directed to developing sabotage and insurrection behind the Iron Curtain, together with armed support of revolutions, such as those in East Germany, Poland, and Hungary, when they occur; defense of areas against which Soviet aggression is directed (*e.g.*, enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine, with arms where necessary); and, when the strategic situation makes it necessary, direct engagement of the land, sea or air forces of the Soviet Union.

Our aim should be to drive Communist power back to its original borders by such measures, and then to preside over the dissolution of the Communist regime. It is clear, however, that in carrying out such a strategic program, the risk of the Soviets using nuclear weapons for a counterblow will always exist. If and when the issue of nuclear warfare is forced upon us, the only moral question remaining—given the justice of our cause and the necessity of nuclear force to its victory—is *how* we use nuclear force.

Counter-Force or Deterrence?

By the moral criteria developed, it would seem here that so-called counter-force strategy, directed against the enemy's air and missile delivery systems, is morally justified, since injury to the civilian population would be secondary, not directly intended, but a by-product. But counter-force strategy by its very nature requires that we be prepared to strike the first nuclear blow, for once Soviet nuclear bombs have been delivered, there is little meaning to an attack upon their delivery systems. Yet we rightly shrink from the idea of initiating nuclear warfare. The only alternative, however, is so powerful a threat of counterattack on the population of the Communist countries, if they do attack us with nuclear weapons, that they will be deterred from ever doing so.

Neither nuclear strategy is free of moral problems: counter-force strategy requires that we initiate the attack; deterrence requires that we coldbloodedly make the civilian population our target. But it would seem that the counter-force strategy is far the more moral course. In defense of a just cause, uncontaminated by impure intentions, strictly proportional in force employed to the purpose (destruction of the enemy's nuclear power), a first-strike counter-force nuclear blow, minimal in its effects upon the civilian population, meets every moral criterion. A strategy of second-strike deterrence, intending as it must—if it is to be believed and to be effective—an attack upon the civilian population, would seem to be immoral *per se*. The only justification for such a strategy is the hope that it would prevent nuclear warfare altogether. If the policy of deterrence by threatening annihilation of populations cannot deter, then that policy is profoundly more immoral than one based upon first-

(Continued on p. 112)

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The Third World War

The Polaris Line

JAMES BURNHAM

The intricacies of modern weapons are known only to those persons who possess both expertise and full information—and possibly not even to that small band, for no one is really acquainted with all the facts; and no one knows how the weapons would actually perform in a combat for which there is no precedent. So it is pointless for an outsider to argue about the technical merits of this missile, plane, submarine or warhead as against that.

It does not follow that the lay citizen must forgo judgment concerning the great issues of strategy and policy. These issues—despite the pretensions of the guild of Q-cleared experts—are never mere derivatives of complicated technical facts. The main lines of policy and high strategy are always fairly straight; the alternatives are simple. That is why choosing is so difficult, as in all matters that are profound and simple.

I do not know exactly how good an apparatus the B-58 bomber is, or the B-70 plane or Skybolt missile could be. I guess they could all be made good enough of their kind if sufficient work went into their development: that seems to be the usual rule. But their exact rating is a secondary problem. What I do know, and what can become plain to anyone who reads the papers (if he can get any) is that the Kennedy Administration, over the past year, has been making a fundamental turn in military policy.

The manned bomber is being phased out. Production of the supersonic B-58 has been stopped after delivery of a handful. Development of the still more supersonic B-70 has been slowed to a crawl. The thousand mile air-to-ground Skybolt that might have given a second life to SAC's existing B-52 system and to Britain's long-range air force, and that would have been adaptable also to the supersonic planes that will not be, has been canceled. At the same time, the bases for intermediate range missiles and many of the air bases around the borders of the Communist empire are to be dismantled. The soft and semi-hardened Atlas and Titan bases are slated for early discard. A number of other programs have been washed out, or soon will be.

With all these gone or going, what remains? Essentially, Polaris and Minuteman. Our strategic military arm is to be based on the Polaris "invulnerable deterrent system" (as it is always called) and a system of Minuteman solid-fuel missiles. It should be noted that the Polaris system will make use solely of submarines as vehicles, though the Polaris missiles could be equally well carried by surface ships. And the Minutemen will rest in "fully hardened" fixed sites. In both cases the launching location is selected for its "invulnerability."

Who's Got the Button?

It may be that the Polaris and Minuteman systems are the best (whatever that could mean), and it is certain that we cannot construct all possible systems. But two points, at least, are troubling.

The Polaris-Minuteman strategy seems tied to the idea of "pushbutton warfare." Pushbuttons have undoubtedly come to stay in warfare. But it is still men, not buttons, who make war. It seems a little too easy: all these Minutemen tucked away in their concrete caves and these Polarises safe under fifty fathoms, with a few technicians here and there watching screens and ready to push the appropriate button when their computers tell them to. What if the right buttons don't get pushed at the right time? What if those Minutemen and Polarises fizzle, or don't go where they are supposed to? (No untried weapons have ever done what was expected of them in any past war.) What if the communications or triggering mechanisms get fouled up or sabotaged? With all those peripheral bases vanished and the manned bombers put out to pasture, what are the echelons in reserve?

There are a lot of buttons in a man-flown bomber, true enough. But somehow those buttons don't seem to have taken over quite so wholly in a plane that has a human pilot. Even our astronauts found that they had to "go manual," in spite of all the programming of robot mechanisms. There are still a few things in the human mind and will that computers know not of.

The second point is yet more disturbing. Isn't this Polaris-Minuteman Line, when you come to think of it, our old friend, the Maginot Line? The invulnerable deterrent that holds back the enemy, that stops him in his tracks if he is insane enough to attempt an aggression. . . .

The Maginot Line is not a specific *thing*—not that monstrous series of forts, bunkers, concrete caves and gun emplacements, all fully hardened of course, that the French so painfully built to deter their presumptive foe. The Maginot Line is a *strategic concept* that has appeared and reappeared from the beginning of history: the concept of a static defense, of an invulnerable holding strategy that can take on myriad physical or organizational forms. Usually it is the choice of a power both rich and "satisfied" confronted with leaner, more dynamic opponents. The Maginot Line marks the limit not of the enemy's but of your own advance; it is you, not him, that it is sure to stop.

It is Maginot Line *thinking*, Maginot Line *rhetoric*, that is crucial: invariably using, in our present case, the static, defensive words "deterrent" and "retaliation"; abandoning "First Strike" even as a threat—and First Strike missiles would of course not need any hardening; putting *all* Polarises under the ocean and *all* Minutemen in static caves (the more activist railroad project has also been dropped); removing a continuous and disciplinary threat to the enemy by liquidating the peripheral bases—which have also served to tie the host countries into the American strategic and political structure. . . .

Surely there are some in the Pentagon, if not in the White House, who remember that *all* Maginot Lines have been turned!

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Special Report

The Campaign Against Anti-Communism

HERBERT ROMERSTEIN

In a small town near Prague toward the end of May 1962, Communist activists from more than twenty countries met to plan the international campaign against anti-Communism. Among those present were A. M. Rumyantsev, a member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union; Henry Winston, member of the National Committee of the Communist Party U.S.A. who served a jail sentence under the Smith Act but was released by President Kennedy as "too ill" to serve his full sentence; William Kashtan, member of the Central Committee of the Canadian Communist Party; and Peter Kerrigan, member of the Executive Committee of the Communist Party of Great Britain.

Each of the Communist delegates presented a report to the conference on his own Party's work in combatting anti-Communism. The French delegate, Comrade Cogniot, explained that in his country the Catholic Church was one of the main enemies. He revealed that "the anti-Communist publications put out by the Catholic Church are too numerous to list. The Church in France has assigned whole squads of priests and monks to the task of making a special study of Communism, the USSR and the Russian language." Cogniot claimed that the French Secret Army Organization had the support of "the German neo-Nazis and the American McCarthyites." He said, "The most rabid anti-Communist American circles are busy trying to find disciples in France. The weekly NATIONAL REVIEW is known to be the mouthpiece of these particular circles. Its contributors include the former 'Leftist,' James Burnham, and the fascist Thomas Molnar."

The Mexican Communist Ulises Rivera Urbina also pinpointed religion as Communist enemy number one. According to him, "Apart from the Government, the Catholic Church is one of the principal centers of anti-Communism—and perhaps the most dangerous." His view was echoed by Ernesto Giudici of the Communist Party of Argentina.

The American Communists explained that in the U.S., "the Catholic Church is the most aggressive force against Communism, but Protestant groups, particularly in the Middle West and West, are extremely active." Comrade Henry Winston felt well enough to say, "The heart land of world reaction has now shifted to the United States. . . . For example, there are various fascist groupings such as the Birchites, the racist White Citizens' Council and the KKK; there are also elected officials like Goldwater, Mundt, Eastland and Walter. . . ."

Some Deep Roots

While American anti-Communists have become used to having the Liberals and Communists call them crackpots, it is heartening to know that at least the Communists know better. Canadian Communist William Kashtan warned his comrades: "In the U.S.A. and in Canada it must be said that anti-Communism has sunk some deep roots among wide circles of people. . . . We would be making a serious mistake if we saw anti-Communism as the manifestation of crackpots and its supporters as crackpots. To do so would be to underestimate seriously the scope of the problem and the ways and means of coping with it." Kashtan explained that the people of the U.S. and Canada are not likely "to speak out in defense of Communism and oppose anti-Communism." But he said that people can be aroused to "defend the democratic rights of Communists." The Communist Party U.S.A. boasted to the conference about the scope and militancy of the fight to abolish the House Committee on Un-American Activities, and proudly announced that "campus after campus are [*sic*] requesting and receiving Communist speakers."

The present U.S. program combines making Communism respectable and making anti-Communism a sort of pariah. The youth director of the Communist Party U.S.A., Daniel Rubin, boasted in a recent memorandum that "the influence of Communists among youth has grown to some extent. Now, many students consider the Communist Party a legitimate and necessary participant in the great debate on Communism and our country's objectives." Rubin has now begun to send copies of a four-page newsletter called "Communist Viewpoint" to campuses all over the country. The newsletter is scheduled to appear monthly and is mailed from Room 305 of the Communist Party's National Headquarters at 23 West 26th Street, New York City. More Communist literature aimed at students is now in preparation.

The American Communist Party leader, Gus Hall, has warned the comrades not to confuse the "ultra Right" with "the trade union leaders, the Liberals, progressives and socialist leaders." The latter, he explains, must be made to "join with the Communists against the Hitlerite virus of anti-Communism." The Party has had some success with this: *e.g.*, Murray Kempton, *New York Post* columnist and Socialist Party member, speaking at a Communist front rally on June 7, 1962, called Gus Hall "brother," and told the assembled comrades that "our children's children will some day walk together in the light." Again, Norman Thomas, the grand old man of the Socialist Party, made a speech at a Communist front dinner on October 12, 1962 and received the applause of Gus Hall, Ben Davis, Miriam Friedlander and Elizabeth Gurley Flynn—all present at the dinner and all members of the National Committee of the Communist Party U.S.A.

While not many of the Socialists, Liberals, and trade union leaders have been enticed into this new "united front," the Reds are making headway. But, as every Liberal knows, the Reds aren't the real danger. The real danger is the "ultra Right."

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Crossroads for the GOP

The morning after the last elections, the sages totted up the figures, gulped, re-added, and found that the GOP has a rendezvous with a new idea

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

America's most accomplished tea-leaf readers have now concluded their study of the November election results, and they are turning up with an interpretation so unexpected and so unsettling that many of them profoundly wish they had never investigated the matter at all.

Just about all of them have long agreed that the *only* relevant question, in choosing a Republican presidential nominee, is "Who has the best chance of winning?" And it seemed perfectly safe to let this problem merge imperceptibly into the technically subordinate question, "Who can carry New York and California?" —on the hitherto sound principle that these two large states are indispensable if a Republican nominee is to win nationally. The 1964 answer to this not terribly complicated conundrum is, of course, supposed to be Nelson Rockefeller.

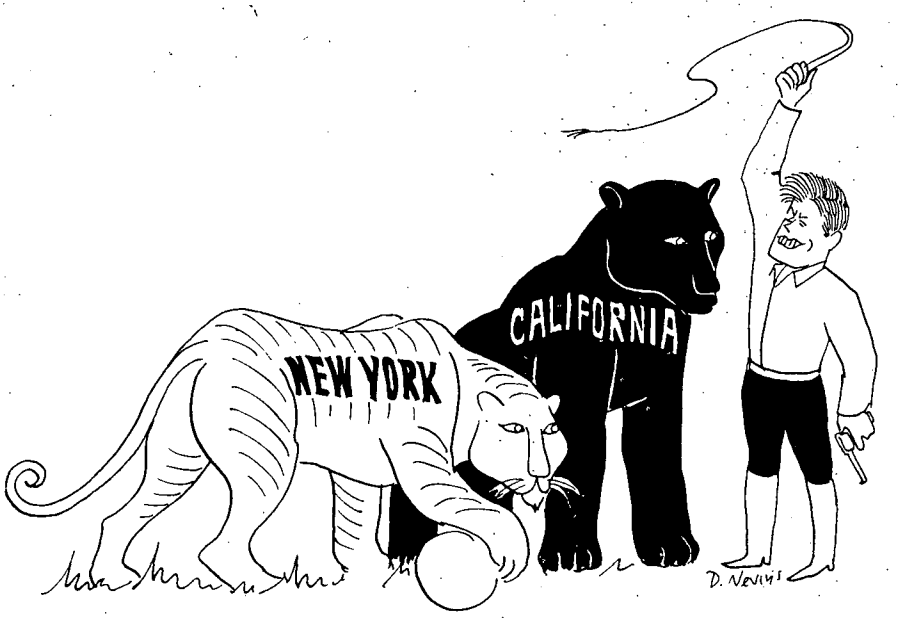
Imagine, therefore, the shock to the neural ganglia of these practiced pragmatists when a hard look at the 1962 election returns revealed 1) that neither Nelson Rockefeller nor any other Republican, real or nominal, has much more prospect of wresting New York and California from John F. Kennedy in 1964 than Mao Tse-tung; 2) that the GOP has, nevertheless, an astonishingly good chance of up-ending Kennedy nationally, by taking most of the 165 electoral votes of the southern and border states away from him; and 3)—fasten your seat-belts, please—that the man with the best chance of carrying these states, and therefore of winning, is not Nelson Rockefeller, nor even George Romney or William Scranton, but Arizona's soft-spoken and conservative junior senator, Barry Goldwater.

Before accepting such a bizarre conclusion, the analysts leaned back, polished their pince-nez and took a relaxing stroll around the block. Like the TV commentator whose early Univac, on Election Night 1948, predicted on the basis of the Connecticut city returns that Truman would defeat Dewey, they secretly felt that what the damned machine really needed was a healthy kick.

The Rockefeller Showing

But, in 1962 as in 1948, the statistics refused to lie. Rockefeller defeated incumbent Democratic Governor Averell Harriman four years ago by 573,034 votes. Kennedy, however, managed to carry the state against Nixon in 1960 by 383,666. In 1962 the Democrats nominated for Governor a cigar-store Indian named Robert Morgenthau, and frugally held their campaign expenditures to just $420,000—the smallest such figure in the modern political history of the Empire State. Rockefeller and the GOP, determined to "win big" in order to make the indispensable demonstration of puissance in supposedly crucial New York, publicly admit to having spent $2,184,000, or more than *five times* as much as the Democrats. (And that, of course, doesn't include the salaries of the windrows of ghost-writers, analysts and advisers palmed away in various Rockefeller family foundations and businesses.) Rockefeller himself campaigned tirelessly for almost a full year before November—kissing babies, patting cows and munching blintzes as if there were no tomorrow. His opponent, on the other hand, in his all but motionless two-month campaign, richly earned the mocking sobriquet, "the Democratic Calvin Coolidge." Small wonder that Rockefeller's official campaign manager openly predicted, the day before the election, that his tiger would win by 800,000—perhaps even by a million —votes.

And yet on Election Day 1962 Rockefeller's margin over Morgenthau was actually 43,865 votes *less* than his 1958 margin over Governor Harriman. And when we take into account the 141,877 votes rolled up by the gubernatorial candidate of New York's brash new Conservative Party (which is now a legal party in the state, and which has sternly warned that it will run a full slate of independent presidential electors against any Liberal



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nominated by the GOP in 1964), Rockefeller's over-all margin sinks to a phthisic 387,292. Seldom has so much been so mauled by so little.

Nor can the Governor's apologists take refuge in the proposition that 1962 was a slow year for the New York GOP generally. On the contrary, it was an uncommonly good year. The party actually increased its already husky majority in the legislature. Rockefeller, however, far from leading the ticket, trailed his chief running-mate, Senator Jacob Javits, by 190,830 votes. He even trailed his own Attorney General, a relative unknown (to put it mildly) named Lefkowitz, by 29,485. And these figures do not even take into account the fact that the total vote for the lesser offices was naturally lower. Javits' actual margin over his own rivals, for example, was 855,726, and Lefkowitz's was 602,935—as against Rockefeller's aforementioned 387,292 in the contest that piled up much the largest total vote.

Add to all this the fact (reported by independent pollster Samuel Lubell within weeks after the election) that 80 per cent of the 1960 Kennedy voters who deserted the Democrats to support Rockefeller for Governor in 1962 have already decided to back Kennedy *over* Rockefeller two years hence, if it comes to that. What, then, are the odds that Nelson Rockefeller can take the Empire State away from John F. Kennedy in 1964? Ask your bookie.

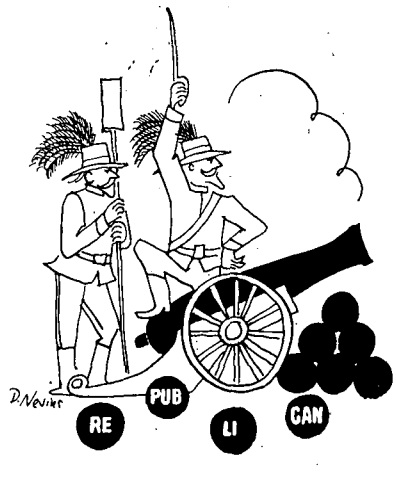
Nor is Rockefeller's synthetic reputation as a dragon-slayer enhanced by considering his other supposititious long suit: California. Richard Nixon, a native son, had to wait until the absentee ballots were counted to be sure he had wrested it from Massachusetts' John F. Kennedy in 1960, and actually lost the governorship to Kennedy's man Brown (a sort of West Coast Morgenthau) by over 300,000 votes in 1962. Does anybody, in the teeth of such statistics, seriously suppose that Nelson Rockefeller of New York can carry it against President Kennedy in 1964?

Well, say there is no kingdom then for Nelson. Can the Republican Party do better? Surprisingly enough, the signs are multiplying that it can: that, in fact, 1964 can prove as dramatic a turning-point in the fortunes of the GOP as 1932 did for the Democrats. It will take courage; it will take imagination; it will compel the GOP to break the familiar mould that has furnished it with every presidential nominee for a quarter of a century—but it can be done. One can almost prophesy that it *will* be done—if not in 1964, then inevitably in 1968. The Republican Party, like it or not, has a rendezvous with a brand new idea.

Prospects in the South

And that brings us to the second great lesson of the 1962 elections. Ever since Reconstruction, the southern states have been as relentlessly Democratic as Rose Kennedy herself. This mulish but understandable prejudice has forced them into unnatural association with northern entities and ideas that every true Southerner instinctively loathes (Mencken once described the Democratic Party as "two gangs of natural enemies in a precarious state of symbiosis"), but it worked: it provided almost every Democratic Presidential candidate for 80 years with a guarantee of well over 100 electoral votes before he opened his mouth.

But, as the Bible reassuringly predicts, "This too shall pass away." Erosion has steadily undermined the one-party South—most notably during and since World War II, which ruthlessly homogenized American youth and (perhaps even more important) laid the foundations of a



modern mixed economy in this once almost wholly agricultural region. Swifter means of communication and transportation—national newsmagazines, television networks and jet aircraft—have further diluted the ancestral tendencies. In scores of southern cities today, white-collar and professional workers drive home to split-level suburban ranch houses every evening, looking and acting for all the world like their northern and western counterparts.

And they are voting Republican. In the eleven states of the old Confederacy, according to *Time,* Republican candidates for the House of Representatives received 31 per cent of all votes cast in 1962—as against only 16.3 per cent in 1958. (And this, mark you, despite the fact that a substantial number of seats were not even contested by the GOP.) In Alabama, hitherto presumed to be as safe for Democracy as Tammany Hall, a smooth-talking 43-year-old Republican named James Martin, who had never sought public office before, ran against veteran Democratic Senator Lister Hill, lost by just seven-tenths of one per cent—and carried every major *city* in Alabama.* And other strikingly strong showings were made by Republican gubernatorial or senatorial candidates in such unfamiliar territory as Arkansas (30.8 per cent), South Carolina (42.6 per cent) and Texas (45.9 per cent).

It takes no seer, therefore, to recognize that the Republican Party is at last within measurable distance of becoming what it has never been since Reconstruction: a truly national party, with a powerful state-by-state organization and successful local candidates in the South as well as elsewhere.

And what are the Republicans of this new South saying? What will they be arguing, as they foregather with their fellow Republicans of the North and West in the convention of 1964? "Nominate Rockefeller"? Far from it. With a unanimity that cannot fail to impress, *they are calling for a conservative GOP and a conservative presidential candidate.*

"I am against Rockefeller," says 34-year-old Tad Smith, recently-retired Republican State Chairman of Texas, "because his nomination would, quite simply, destroy the Republican Party of Texas. At one Resignation Rally after another, life-

*Nor can Martin's amazing showing be dismissed as merely a non-repeating one-shot reaction to the Meredith dispute at nearby Ole Miss. The Republican Party polled 43 per cent of the Alabama vote in the 1960 presidential election.

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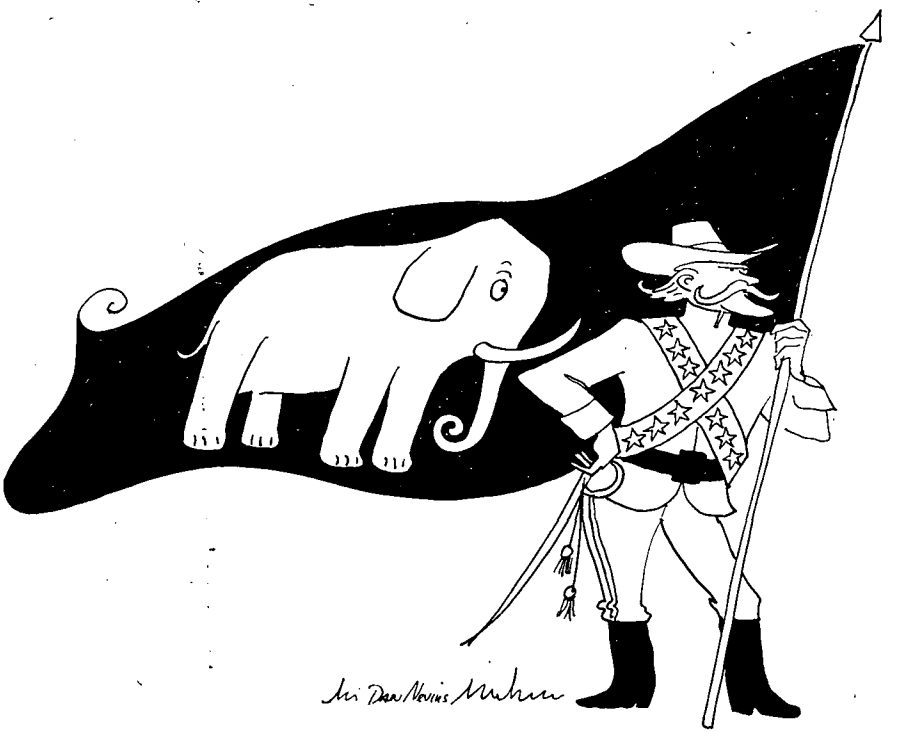
long Democrats now turning Republican have warned me that they will vote for a conservative Republican in 1964—but not for Rockefeller or any other Liberal." And the same story is told by leading Republicans in state after state across the South.

But the showing of Southern Republicans in 1962, encouraging as it may be, is still almost uniformly short of the 51 per cent in each state that would be needed to carry the South's electoral votes in 1964. Is there any evidence that a Republican *presidential* nominee could improve on this showing by the GOP's local candidates? Once again, the answer is an emphatic Yes—*provided he is a conservative.*

In the first place, it should be remembered that voting Republican for the presidency is far commoner in the South than voting Republican for congressional candidates (a practice which threatens the prized seniority of conservative Southern Democrats in the Congress). The following southern and border states have all gone Republican, primarily as a means of conservative protest, in at least two of the three presidential elections during the past eleven years: Florida, Kentucky, Maryland, Oklahoma, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia. (Louisiana and West Virginia went Republican once apiece.) There is no reason to suppose that any of these states is beyond the grasp of a Republican candidate chosen precisely because of his proven appeal to the South.

In addition, consider the cold estimate of the vigorous young men who are the Republican state chairmen in two of the Democratic Party's strongest remaining southern redoubts: John Grenier of Alabama and Wirt Yerger Jr. of Mississippi. *Both insist that their own states will vote for a conservative Republican,* if one is nominated in 1964. Says Grenier: "It'd be the easiest campaign I ever ran."

Moreover, their prediction is echoed by some surprising sources. Within the past two months, a senior Democratic Senator from the Deep South confided to a friend that, in his opinion, Goldwater could carry all 165 southern and border state electoral votes against Kennedy in 1964—and underlined his view by quoting Attorney General Robert Kennedy as having told him privately that the



First Family fears Goldwater far more than Rockefeller.

As a matter of fact, as already noted, the logical path we have traced has already been trodden by just about every serious student of the 1962 election results, regardless of party or personal bias. Certainly conservative Republicans have no patent on the obvious conclusion. Jacob Javits, for example, took one horrified glance, added two and two, got four, and bellowed a warning against the Republican Party ever courting the South. Joseph Alsop, with the vichyssoise of his most recent White House dinner still fringing his petulant lower lip, perceived the danger at once and recoiled in horror at the racist venality of any Republican attempt to take Southern votes away from Kennedy.

Nature of the Counterattack

Which brings us to the nature and validity of the inevitable counterattack. Alsop may, perhaps, be dismissed as too intemperate to argue with. (The author personally witnessed, during the Republican convention of 1952 in Chicago, a distasteful scene in which Alsop shrieked to all within earshot that the late Robert Taft was running "a straight fascist campaign—straight fascist.") But Joe Alsop is scarcely the whole problem. Even disregarding the slightly mildewed laurels and still-smoldering ambitions of Nelson Rockefeller, the New York GOP has naturally enjoyed, and will not readily give up, its familiar role as Most Popular Girl at the Ball. More broadly, the Liberal Republicans, who have won every convention since (and including) 1940 by urging the necessity of wooing Liberal votes in the big cities of the North, are certainly not going to accept demotion without a fight. So the cry is up: *any Republican concession to Southern sentiment is a venture in sheer racism, and will lose the GOP crucial votes in the North and West.*

It is tempting to dismiss this argument by observing that the GOP will have to drink deep indeed at the racist trough before it equals the record of John Kennedy's own Southern allies on this score. The Democratic Party for 80 years has run with the hares down South on the race issue, while riding with the hounds up North—nominating loudly integrationist presidential candidates, while calmly raking in, on locally segregationist platforms, 95 per cent of all Senate and House seats (not to mention governorships and legislatures) south of the Mason-Dixon Line. If Joe Alsop really means to demand consistency on this subject, in short, he should be forced to include

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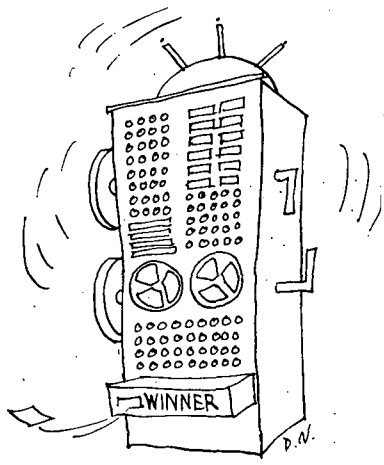
his famous dinner host in the general anathema and seek his vichyssoise elsewhere hereafter.

But there is another and better answer. As Roscoe Drummond recently pointed out, the Republican Party in the South is, in general, far less committed to all-out segregation than the Democrats. And there is a sound reason for this, already hinted at: the Republican Party is strongest in the southern cities and suburbs, where the tides of social change are tending to run fastest. It was the primitive wool-hats of the Alabama backwoods who saved Lister Hill for John Kennedy, and it is they, in state after state of the South, who are the really hard-shell segregationists.

On this issue of integration, truth is difficult to separate from emotion. The Southern Republicans understand and accept the fact that they cannot dictate a national Republican platform—or candidate—committed to segregation. They make, on the other hand, no apology for opposing the Warren Court's breezy ventures in social pioneering—and it may well be that here they have something to teach conservatives of the North. If it is objected that, nonetheless, a gap remains between Northern and Southern Republican sentiment on this issue, the only honest answer is that the American society is deeply riven on the subject, and no party that pretends to national scope can, by definition, do other than reflect—as the Democratic Party has for 80 years reflected—this division in itself.



Certainly there is not a shred of evidence that any large bloc of votes now sustaining Republican dominance in any northern or western state will bolt to the party of Kennedy (and Eastland, and Ellender) because the GOP chooses to bid vigorously for the support of the new middle class of a changing South. Republican National Chairman William Miller was much nearer the mark when he exhorted the December meeting of the Republican National Committee: "Don't let them give you a sense of guilt [about seeking votes in the South]." The American people, North *and* South, are entitled to be heard on the question of which party is treating the complex issue of race relations most honestly and with the most real statesmanship. (As a matter of fact, one of the tantalizing by-products of a 1964 decision by the GOP to nominate a conservative would be precisely this: that it would compel the Democrats, for the first time in almost a century, to pay a reasonable amount of attention to their own hitherto captive Southern conservatives.)

But what the Republican delegates in 1964 will want to do is *win,* and it is here that the case for a conservative (meaning, in practice, Barry Goldwater) must be rested and can be won. No Republican—not Rockefeller, not Goldwater, and neither Romney nor Scranton—has a serious prospect of carrying either New York or California against Kennedy in 1964. Probably any one of them can hold the GOP's Midwestern heartland, and such peripheral fiefs as northern New England and certain of the Mountain states, amounting in all to perhaps 140 electoral votes (with 270 needed to win). But Goldwater, *and Goldwater alone* (for in this respect Scranton and Romney are in no better position than Rockefeller), can carry enough southern and border states to offset the inevitable Kennedy conquests in the big industrial states of the North and still stand a serious chance of winning the election.

Whether Senator Goldwater is willing to shoulder the burden of a campaign of this sort—first against Nelson Rockefeller's millions, and then against John Kennedy and the massed batteries of the American Left—is not presently known. Certainly a man could be forgiven for praying that he might be spared that cup.

But the arithmetical imperatives speak with a logical force of their own, and it is not in the final analysis Barry Goldwater's personal wishes that are paramount: it is the overarching necessities of the Republican Party, and, in a larger sense, of the nation itself.

And this remains true, whatever we believe will be the final outcome of the 1964 election. For what if, despite everything, 1964 is fated to be a Democratic year? How can the Republican convention, then, best build for a successful future? By turning its back on the new, conservative and increasingly Republican South and gumming blintzes with Nelson Rockefeller? Or by nominating a candidate who—win or lose—will galvanize the party in a vast new area, carry fresh scores and perhaps hundreds of Southern Republicans to unprecedented local victories, and lay the foundations for a truly national Republican Party, ready to fight and win in 1968 and all the years beyond?

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JUST WAR IN THE NUCLEAR AGE

(Continued from p. 106)

strike attack on the enemy's military-nuclear potential.

The morality of either course, however, depends upon an underlying recognition of the moral duty of defending civilization by destroying Communism, and upon the determination to move towards doing so by every available non-nuclear means first.

It may be said that I have ignored the question so often raised, whether any use of nuclear weapons, so devastating by their very nature, is not immoral, no matter how proper the target against which they are directed. To this I can only answer that, even granted the most horrendous estimates of the effects of their use, the preservation of human life as a biological phenomenon is an end far lower than the defense of freedom and right and truth. These the victory of Communism would destroy. These it is our duty to defend at all costs.

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Ali, ali, anza Free-O!

A "new" engine of social revolution, improvised after the Bay of Pigs, turns out to be an old U.S. principle: if it's problematical, throw money at it

TIRESIAS

During the Kennedy campaign a young Chicago lawyer, Richard Goodwin, casting about for a slogan to charm the Spanish-speaking minorities, coined the phrase: *Alianza para el Progreso*. In the general Administration euphoria following Kennedy's inauguration, Goodwin's slogan was forgotten. Then came the Bay of Pigs disaster and the abrupt necessity to divert international—and particularly Latin American—attention from the image of the United States as an inept conspirator. The old campaign slogan was yanked out of desuetude, polished off and tossed into the Punta del Este grab-bag—the rationale being that if the U.S. was incompetent in direct political action, no one could challenge our ability to give away dough. And the $20 billion price tag was calculated to make even the most avariciously nationalistic Latin purr in anticipation.

Doctrine was thereupon circulated in Washington that the Cuban invasion had been an Eisenhower-Nixon stratagem that probably deserved to fail, whereas the real, the underlying problem in Latin America was poverty, not Castroism. So forget about Castro, the doctrine extrapolated, and start getting rid of old-line oligarchies. Otherwise, Castro fans will *really* make trouble south of the border.

Even with doctrine expounded, surprisingly little had been done toward devising a mechanism to give away the cash. Some Latin Americans—recalling earlier largesse from Uncle Sugar—thought their only remaining problem would be deciding whether to trundle away the stuff in a wheelbarrow or hire an armored car.

So Puerto Rican Governor Muñoz Marín was hastily consulted—along with Venezuela's President, ex-Communist Rómulo Betancourt, and Pepe Figueres, the Socialist ex-President of Costa Rica. "Use the dough politically," they counseled. "Bait the masses and topple the oligarchies." For these zealots saw in the *Alianza* a long-sought opportunity to bring about social revolution, and not in one country alone, but in most of Latin America. These armchair revolutionaries predicted that if the *Alianza* established "land reform" and wealth-redistribution as national eligibility prerequisites, social change inevitably would ensue: by ballot or by a pillaging Jacquerie. The choice of the Latin American managerial elite would be either to relinquish their holdings or have them torn away. This was the plan.

Our Man South of the Border

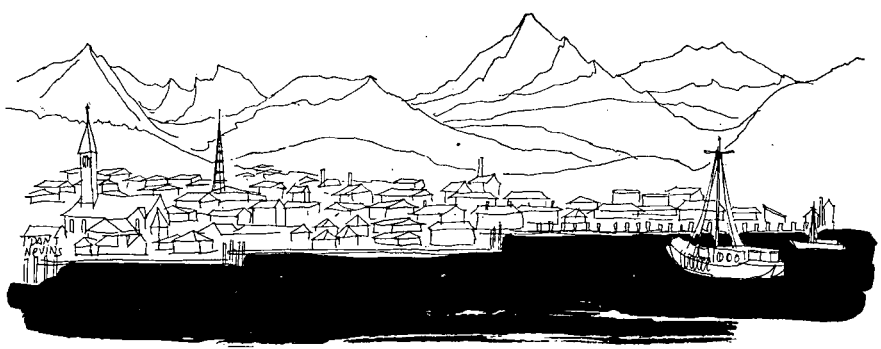
What the planners next needed was a kindred philosopher with sufficient administrative experience to create the machinery, and tough enough to execute the plan.

Thomas Mann, holdover Assistant Secretary for Inter-American Affairs, was too neutral a figure for the new planners (besides, Mann *had* voted, albeit reluctantly, for the Cuban invasion). After offering the Latin American job to twenty seven other men, Kennedy finally named Robert F. Woodward, as colorless a career functionary as you can find in the Foreign Service. The late Henry Holland, once Woodward's boss, and a Texan, became fond of telling in later years how Woodward used to declare that there was less Communism in Guatemala under Arbenz than in the Panhandle of Texas. By a good five years Woodward unwittingly anticipated Herbert Matthews, William Wieland and Philip Bonsal in their appraisal of Castro Cuba.

But if inaccurate political evaluation were grounds for dismissal from the Foreign Service, who would man our embassies? Woodward not only survived the Dulles incumbency but was made ambassador in turn to Costa Rica, Uruguay and Chile.

Woodward became a docile front man for Richelieu Goodwin, but after the Punta del Este powwow, the Good Neighbor countries weren't "reforming" fast enough to qualify for Alliance funds, and in an impatient Hemisphere the press turned petulant. The Establishment began to eye Woodward and wonder whether his solid background of negative thinking really qualified him to lead Latin America into a Better Tomorrow.

At that point, fate conspired to squeeze to the fore Teodoro Moscoso, sometime handyman for Muñoz Marín and progenitor of Puerto Rico's "Operation Bootstrap." Moscoso had been the New Frontier's first ambassador to Venezuela, a tenure dis-



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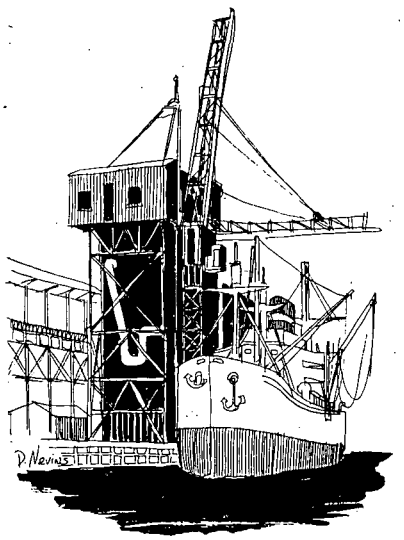
tinguished by brevity if nothing else. In a Caracas riot, Moscoso saw his official limousine burn, and lost to the pro-Castro mob a briefcase containing classified State Department documents. Moscoso was whisked back to Washington where he was, as they say around the Department, "between assignments." With appropriate fanfare, Moscoso was named Grand Vizier of the Alliance and set to work within the framework of what was then Fowler Hamilton's Agency for International Development (now it's David Bell's).

By now Goodwin had moved from the Executive Mansion's East Wing to State as Woodward's deputy, on the theory that Woodward would make the vernacular speeches while Goodwin and Moscoso worked less conspicuously to change the social order in the Hemisphere.

After nine fruitless months, Woodward unceremoniously walked the plank, surfacing somewhat later as ambassador to Spain, living proof that the United States despises non-Leftist dictators. His successor was Edwin Martin, a long-time government economist and a man not likely to give Goodwin and Moscoso any trouble.



But trouble they've had, as evidenced by Moscoso's grim visage staring from the pages of any number of national journals. To date he hasn't been notably successful either in persuading Latin America's rich to divest themselves of their wealth or in pressuring Hemispheric governments to take it away. He keeps trying to convince Latins that the *Alianza* is somehow *their* program, not his, that economic leveling is essential to ward off both Castroism and Communism, and that, by golly, it's time Latin America breathed deeply of the heady winds of change.

The predictable reaction of both foreign and native capital has been, of course, to hasten their flight from politically-uncertain Latin American countries; while to Hemispheric governments, the *Alianza's* stated goals are jarringly unrealistic and the political hazards of compliance simply too stiff to entertain.

Peru was picked early as a test case. *Life* ran an indignant picture story of Lima's elite enjoying their wealth, contrasting the scenes with others in the ragpickers' *barrio,* and suggesting rather pointedly that the former had better fork over their dough to the latter if they wanted to avoid violent reprisal. James Loeb, former Secretary of the ADA, became ambassador to Peru and our Lima embassy turned its attention to electing Loeb's political soulmate, Raul Haya de la Torre, the socialist "non-Communist Leftist" darling of the New Frontier. But Peru's Haves were having none of Haya, and when his probable election was forestalled by military coup, Kennedy suspended diplomatic relations in a fit of pique and withdrew the almost *persona non grata* Loeb. These two acts were calculated to bring Peru's junta to its collective knees, but the generals resisted intimidation and most other Latin American countries snickered at Kennedy's awkward intervention. After face-saving delay, the New Frontier resumed diplomatic recognition and granted the junta the concession of leashing James Loeb in Washington, where he has since been stripped of his titles. Once again, the Hemisphere was treated to the spectacle of United States diplomacy acting on self-fed assumptions rather than on fact, then beating a humiliating retreat when the calculation backfired. Pennsylvania Avenue may not like Peru's junta, but Peruvians continue to remain impartially indifferent to both.

Speaking on June 25, 1962, Assistant Secretary Martin said: "Expanded private investment, both local and foreign, is essential to create the kind of societies toward which the members of the Alliance are aiming. Local investors need to show confidence in their countries by putting their own assets to work in them. By doing so, they will encourage foreign investment."

A little later, Martin acknowledged that "Political uncertainty results in business stagnation."

A Political Instrument

Well enough, as words go. But are local or international investors likely to "show confidence" in areas where the *Alianza* is deliberately advocating class struggle?—for such is the *Alianza's* avowed goal. The *Alianza* has become far more than a campaign slogan to attract the Mexican and Puerto Rican votes; it has crystallized into a political instrument whose cutting edge is honed by the promise of dollar credits.

There is, indeed, little qualitative difference between the Liberal-discredited "dollar diplomacy" and this New Interventionism of the Sixties. Moscoso may not last long as head of the *Alianza,* but having created and puffed the slogan, the Administration is stuck with it, and the succession of Grand Viziers will continue. But without Fowler Hamilton whose "resignation" was recently accepted.

Meanwhile, if anyone asks what's happening, the usual ostensible case for progress can be made by citing amounts doled out. As Moscoso rather plaintively says, "Congress should realize these programs take time." He picks 1963 as the crucial year (it's always a year ahead, if you'll remember the Marshall Plan) and blames "the reactionary Right" and the "reactionary Left" as co-conspirators against the *Alianza*—surely a political novelty even in Latin America.

Personifying the *Alianza,* Moscoso preaches to Latin America a text of linked paradoxes: rapid politico-social change; increased local and foreign investment. Neutralize or disinherit the managerial classes; provide production incentives. Agrarian reform, increased agricultural productivity. And so on.

Were not Moscoso a captive of New Frontier doctrine he could commend to Latin American attention those economic fundamentals which served "Operation Bootstrap" so well. Moscoso turned Puerto Rico's perennially

(Continued on p. 130)

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

The Tyranny of Professorial Rationalism

People who think that the Academy is honeycombed with crypto-Communists are wide of the mark. At most, never more than 5 per cent of American college teachers were Communists; and that percentage has declined toward extinction since the forties. Though one ought not to neglect the possibility of the revival of professorial Marxist cells on the campus, under certain conditions, at present the Communist Party is at its lowest ebb among American scholars since 1917.

Kirk

But there does persist in the Academy a corrosive mentality of origins older than Marxism; indeed, the professors' flirtation with Marxism was part of this older attachment to certain philosophical and social postulates. Professor Michael Oakeshott of the London School of Economics, the most eminent conservative scholar in Britain, touches upon the matter in his important book *Rationalism in Politics* (Basic Books). It is dogmatic Rationalism: the conviction that the affairs of men really are very simple, can be apprehended by the shrewd private intellect, and can be managed by smart, superior intellects.

Shutting himself off from the mysterious incorporation of the human race, the Rationalist believes that books suffice to rule us. Mr. Oakeshott writes:

> Rationalism in politics involves an identifiable error, a misconception with regard to the nature of human knowledge, which amounts to a corruption of the mind. . . . This, it may be observed, is one of the penalties of living by the book; it leads not only to specific mistakes, but it also dries up the mind itself: living by precept in the end generates intellectual dishonesty. . . . In short, the Rationalist is essentially ineducable; and he could be educated *out* of his Rationalism only by an inspiration which he regards as the great enemy of mankind.

One might offer many American examples of what Professor Oakeshott suggests. In a debate on academic freedom at the University of North Carolina, not long ago, Mr. Carey McWilliams Jr. and I happened to agree that Behaviorism in our political science is perhaps a greater menace nowadays than is Marxism. The Behaviorists aspire to assume control of all American departments of political science. One well-known traditionalist professor of politics, pushed into a cubbyhole by the Behaviorists, was informed by colleagues that they might have tolerated his being a Catholic; they might even have tolerated his being a conservative; but they could not tolerate his opposition to holy Behaviorism, and so he had to go. Here is the wondrous intolerance of the pure Rationalist. If you don't agree with Rationalists, you must detest reason, you know.

Complete Blackout

This academic imperialism is not limited to government. Professor Karl Popper is said to declare that he looks forward to the day when only a logical positivist will be allowed to teach in any British or American department of philosophy. How sweet and full of light the new Rationalist era of the Academy will be for future students!

As for Behaviorism, the interested reader may find criticism of it in a monograph just published by the American Academy of Political and Social Science—notably by Professor Mulford Q. Sibley (a socialist and a pacifist, but no Behaviorist) and by your servant: *The Limitations of Behaviorism in Political Science.* My essay therein is called "Segments of Political Science not Amenable to Behavioristic Treatment," and I can send reprints to any readers especially interested.

Perhaps the prime example of the American Behaviorist is Dr. Harold Lasswell, whose future political order would be dominated by the social psychiatrist, invested with great power. For a telling analysis of Professor Lasswell's theories, one may consult an essay by Dr. Robert Horwitz, in the recent volume edited by Dr. Herbert Storing, *Essays on the Scientific Study of Politics* (Holt, Rinehart, and Winston). Mr. Horwitz writes of Lasswell's omnipotent social psychiatrist:

> Having been taught to deal with himself and others "objectively"—and having, in addition, secured unlimited power—he will be in a position to secure for himself a level of indulgence utterly beyond the reach of traditional political man and, *at the same time,* to free his subjects from anxiety, tension, and conflict—to indulge them in a permanent, pleasant psychological coma. He will, in a word, make those tyrannies with which *homo politicus* has periodically tarnished the history of mankind look, literally, like child's play.

The old-fangled enthusiast of the Socialist Workers' Party seems somewhat attractive, by contrast. And an educational system dominated by the rigid Rationalist, whether a Behaviorist or an adherent of some other variety of Rationalism, would be the death of imagination and high hope. As Professor Oakeshott puts it:

> A society which has embraced a rationalist idiom of politics will soon find itself either being steered or drifting towards an exclusively rationalist form of education. I do not mean the crude purpose of National Socialism or Communism of allowing no education except a training in the dominant rationalist doctrine; I mean the more plausible project of offering no place to any form of education which is generally rationalistic in character. And when an exclusively rationalist form of education is fully established, the only hope of deliverance lies in the discovery by some neglected pedant, "rummaging among old parchments and musty records," of what the world was like before the millenium overtook it.

So those of us who think something still may be said in praise of order, justice, and freedom will do well to pay as much attention to the Rationalist ideologue as to his Communist variant.

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Three Poems

RONALD DUNCAN

Abelard

(as though composing, to himself)

Vel confossus pariter
morerer feliciter
cum, quid amor faciat,
maius hoc non habeat,
et me post te vivere
mori sit assidue,
nec ad vitam anima
satis sit dimidia . . .

Close in the grave with thee I would lie
For that is what my love would wish to do
For to live after thee would be to die
And what else is there half a soul could do?

So I would cheat
Life of its cheap deceit
Which made us one
So it could take
The whole of us from either.

To share a grave with thee
Would be like life to me.
And if we thus lie
It shall be Death not us who dies.

Cease then my stricken lute
Thy strings are breaking.
Would that my heart could stem
Its bitter weeping.

Practical Ballad

The site: choose a dry site.
Avoid building against a bank.
Leaning a building to a bank may
save putting up a wall,
but dampness will seep through,
you'll see your mortar sweat,
you'll be feeding to keep your pig
warm,
this way she'll not fatten, profitably;
you may get roast out of it, but no
bacon.

The size: Floor eight foot by eight foot
good—
and slope off to a gutter;
pig's urine swells the bean pods;
cover from flies.
Height: that is your problem, your
comfort,
for it is you who have to get in and
fling the dung out,
at least once a week, this is most
important.

Now is the time to be generous:
Throw the straw in, not one wad,
but two, three, four—
The more straw the more dung
The more dung the more straw,
eventually.
Oh, cover the pig, she'll trample it.

As to the door, observe the stable and
copy that;
Make it of seasoned wood that won't
warp as mine did.
Don't buy a bolt get a smith to make
one—
Strength, not ornament, is necessary.
And that goes for a pig-sty, and
poetry.

From *The Solitudes*

As thrush, lark and linnet are
So do my eyes rise,
Sing for the life in you
Joyful at your being. Oh
be there

Where I am going, when I return to
Be bark to my ivy
Tree to my climbing
Be merciful
be here

Where my hope is, be there where my
home was,
Else I am lost, lonely as driftwood;
Be to the restless river, me
Clear pool of no purpose
be still

Peaceful as grass is, grow gently,
Secretly beneath
Impetuous rain of me
Be brave at my cruelty
believe

In my gentleness; forgive me for this,
Forgive me for that. Contain my
disparities;
Accept my extremities. Oh love me
wholly, so
Holy shall you
become.

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Perspective on the Founders

VINCENT MILLER

Sixteen volumes of the Princeton University Press's fifty-odd-volume collection, *The Papers of Thomas Jefferson*, have now appeared. The Howard University Press's great edition of *The Adams Papers*, which will include not only John Adams' papers but those of John Quincy and Charles Francis as well, and total perhaps ninety volumes, has begun publication with the four volumes of John's *Diary* and *Autobiography*. Hamilton's papers have never had anything like an adequate edition, and this is being rectified by the Columbia University Press, whose altogether fine edition now reaches Volume Six, bringing the story to 1790.

Meanwhile, Dumas Malone's monumental *Jefferson and His Time* has reached Volume Three. This carries Jefferson through the decade before his election as President and indicates, more than any previous volume, along what lines our view of Jefferson, and so of ourselves, is suffering change. Professor Page Smith's two-volume biography of John Adams, just out from Doubleday, continues the radical revaluation of Adams' place in American history begun some ten years ago. And though no recent volume on Hamilton has appeared, our view of him has, of course, already undergone a major overhauling.

If it is too early to say what form this mid-twentieth-century revaluation will finally take, some observations can be made. The childishly oversimplified view of Hamilton as the exponent of privilege is at an end; and the Jefferson-Hamilton conflict (variously billed in our history as the struggle of the people against the rich, of states' rights against centralization, of the individual against the state, of agrarianism against industrialism) is no longer seen as a battle whose lines establish, once and for all, the adequate propaganda clichés in terms of which we can wisely order our political emotions.

The man whom Adams called "the bastard brat of a Scots peddler" and Jefferson attacked as an advocate of "monarchy bottomed on corruption," is emerging as—in the words of Professor Morris of Columbia—"our first great nationalist." He is being credited with perceiving, as no one else had, that the only lasting leadership Americans had or would have for generations was one centered in the making of money ("Stock-jobbers!" cried Adams), and with setting out to tie their interests (genuine and vital to the country, or personal and corrupting to it, depending upon the individual) so firmly and so obviously to the Federal Government and to balanced good sense that the union could not be shaken except by civil war, and even then not successfully. What is becoming most clear is that he did this, not in order to create a government subservient to business, but to consolidate a nation capable of subduing the passion for money and directing it toward the freedom and well-being of the people.

In the nature of his methods and his goal lies, of course, one major reason why his reputation now suffers its sea-change. The Jeffersonian battle cries that once aroused the country to sweep out of office the "privileged few" who would make the nation serve their interests sound less thrilling to many intellectuals now that the elite is no longer one of money—"What's good for General Motors . . . "—but of brains—"What I plan for U.S. Steel. . . ." And Hamilton's belief that the nation should be ruled, for the good of all, by a dedicated group of public servants with their grip firmly fixed upon the economic windpipe has gained a corresponding appeal. If the new ruling class combines devices of economic manipulation, which Jefferson scorned, with a penchant for being "mere speculators" set on restructuring society, which Hamilton despised, the final result will not be one either man would approve. But what the years in power have done for the more salvageable portion of the Liberal mind does dispose it to do greater justice to Hamilton. The nation has, as a result, a chance to render him and his quite intelligent concern for our economic well-being a greater measure of understanding.

JEFFERSON'S reputation—so high during the Roosevelt years—does suffer diminution. Professor Malone spends much of the present volume justifying Jefferson against attack, rationalizing his actions, finding many of them just plain "out of character." He is a solid historian, however; and he neither shirks giving the evidence he spends so much time explaining away, nor conceals the fact that it is possible to conclude differently from it than he does. Still, it might have been better, and truer, to grant that Jefferson was the creator of our first political party, and thus the first man to tackle the problem of wedding purpose to slogan, intention to vote-getting, idealism to propaganda, inspiration to slander. What Jefferson wrote, he wrote with an eye fixed upon its power to establish a political line. Scrupulous as he proved himself in office, he urged extreme

John Adams, by Page Smith (two volumes). Doubleday, $14.50

Jefferson and the Ordeal of Liberty. Vol. III of *Jefferson and His Time*, by Dumas Malone. Little, Brown, $7.50

The Papers of Alexander Hamilton. Vols. V (June 1788-Nov. 1789), VI (Dec. 1789-Aug. 1790). Columbia, $12.50 each

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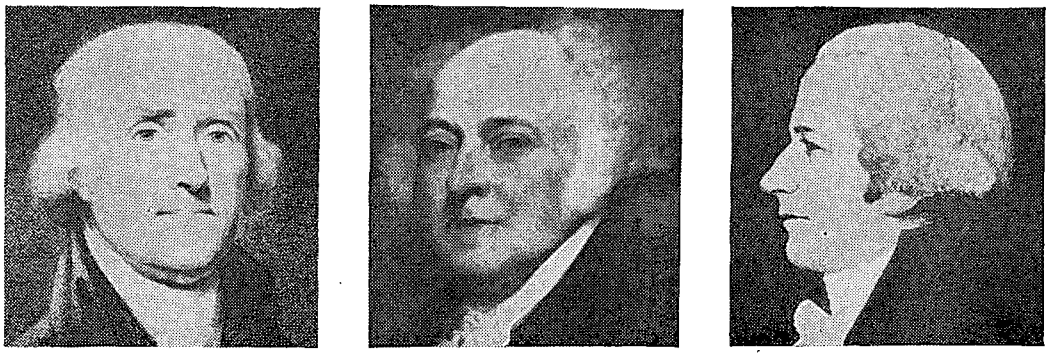

Jefferson, Adams, Hamilton: **out of their conflicts, a "stable and viable government."**

and extremely effective distortions of fact in personal letters to those who were forging the platform upon which his party could gain power. These two Jeffersons are probably not, as Professor Malone seems to believe, the Jefferson of the head and the Jefferson who—among friends—unburdened his full and manly heart.

But before any future historian condemns him for his methods, he will have to reflect upon the fact that Jefferson's is still the only answer any politician who must base his power upon the people has found; and take also into consideration the fact that what he brought to Washington in 1800 by his methods was something the country could not have lasted free without, and threatened alarmingly not to remain free with. If he wove into our national life a dangerously wafty idealism, a concern for individual freedom not distinct from a wish to escape all limitations, and a belief that universal education and the removal of all inherited privileges would bring inevitable progress toward human perfection—all, in one way or another, expressions of the greed as well as the ideals of the common man—these are not characteristics he either burdened or saved his country by bequeathing to it. They are indigenous to the American character, of which he partook.

Like Hamilton, he sought to make a nation out of what, as an American, he felt. If—as a result of both their labors—contradictions, faults, materialism, greed, and naïve ideology are still with us to be reckoned with, that cannot be blamed on either man. What Jefferson and Hamilton established was a stable and viable government: it was not intended to function like a perpetual motion machine.

WHAT IT was intended to be is becoming clearer as John Adams emerges, after 150 years of comparative obscurity, as—to use the words of Professor Adrienne Koch—in several senses "*the* founding father." We are beginning to see how it was that Adams, when he left the Presidency, had done much to complete in fact the government which he, more than any other man, had planned and defended. Planned in the letters he wrote to his friends suggesting a form for the various state governments, and in his draft of a constitution for his own state (he himself said that the Constitution of Massachusetts and that of the United States were as alike as original and copy), and defended in his *Defense of the Constitutions* (written to offset the arguments of the French theorists that America should repudiate the form of its initial state constitutions, break with the past, and establish a pure, centralized democracy)—a document that bids well finally to establish itself in several ways as more important than *The Federalist.*

After his own election to the Presidency, Jefferson is said to have called on his old friend to soothe Adams' wounded feelings. Adams took defeat hard: he understood human nature, but not practical politics. There was, and had been, from Jefferson's point of view, no personal enmity between them. What had happened was that the two parties which constituted America had fought a war, inevitably making of two of their citizens symbols and leaders. Late in life, Adams made a last prolonged attempt to explain to Jefferson that, from his point of view, it was Jefferson and not he who had failed to grasp what the battle was all about. Jefferson might believe that governments had been and always would be the scene of a struggle between the power of the people and that of the privileged few; but for him the American Government was not intended to be the setting for any such two-sided conflict. It was intended to be an experiment in balancing three groups: the many in the House, the few in the Senate (where they could be dealt with in the open), and the one in the Presidency.

It was Adams' conviction that whenever in the past any one of these three had faced any one of the others without a third power to balance them, a struggle had ensued that had led to the victory of one over the other, and thence either to the end of the government's stability or of its responsibility to the people. In answer to Jefferson's desire to eradicate from government the power of the gifted few, so that all branches might serve "the people," he pointed out that, to the degree this happened, the few would go underground and rule from within one of the other two branches. Adams would be quite at home today watching the shift of devices by which the Jeffersonians of yesterday, burrowed now into the Executive department, are winning a battle for control of the country. Early in their friendship, he tried to alert Jefferson to his mistake by underlining Jefferson's fear of monarchy. "You," he said, "are afraid of the one. I, of the few."

And so, when as President he faced an extreme Federalist bid for power, he answered it by wrecking his own party. Jefferson thought this act a political blunder of the first magnitude; and it would be dramatic to say that Adams failed as a statesman because he failed to understand party politics as a Federalist, as Jefferson

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had been willing to understand them as a Republican. But it is becoming increasingly clear that he didn't fail at all. As President, he held the balance of power, and he used it. Washington had held the government together by the towering pre-eminence of his place in American hearts. Adams held it together by the power of the office itself, used courageously. The respect he gained for the Presidency belonged, when he finished, to the office itself; and it is due to him, more than to Washington, that Americans think of any President, whatever his party, as the President of all the people; and due to him also that every President worth his salt—including Jefferson—has been pushed toward becoming, and has been able to become, just that when he stepped into Adams' shoes.

Although he has written a fine biography—from which Adams emerges as a more appealing and attractive personality than either Jefferson or Hamilton—and has redressed the balance in Adams' favor, Professor Smith has missed much of this drama. But in seeing that Adams' view of government was basically a religious one, he has brought to the fore a third important point that is now receiving something like its proper emphasis. To Adams, Jefferson's belief that the common man, freed of crippling restraints and given education, would naturally rule himself well, smacked of atheism; and Hamilton's view that an élite, if finally at several removes responsible to the people, would rule in their interests, of nonsense. If Jefferson never understood his reasons, neither did Hamilton. Hamilton did come around to Jefferson's wisdom and decide—too late for it to help him—that the Federalists had neglected propaganda and grass-roots organization; but his belief that the nation's problems were, initially, economic rather than moral (Adams said Hamilton resembled Ben Franklin more than anyone else) caused him in his way to fail, as Jefferson failed, to understand the little Puritan from Braintree and his theory of government.

NEITHER man ever grasped Adams' concept that the life of the *polis* helped a man finally only as it furthered his battle with his own soul. *And neither ever understood Adams' conviction that government could best serve this end by being so balanced as to cross a man's worldly ambitions at exactly that point where he began pridefully to arrogate to himself the ability to decide for others*—forcing him thus either to lose power and suffer a salutary humiliation, or to gain in stature as he came to respect the inalienable freedom of choice given to all.

Where, in the Declaration of Independence, Jefferson had written "all men are created equal" (meaning by the phrase perhaps this and perhaps that, but appealing to all men's unexamined yearnings), Adams preferred, in his draft for the Constitution of Massachusetts, the earlier word "independent" (one imagines that, for him, the word called up remembrances of those awesome Quincy confrontations of the individual with his Creator that demanded and assumed so terrifying a freedom of choice). The Massachusetts Convention struck out Adams' word and substituted Jefferson's. One might say that much of American history is bound up in that act. And if one added that Hamilton would have used either word to mean the opportunity to work hard, acquire money and position, and leave one's children honorable and public-spirited members of the "wealthy and wellborn," then an important cluster of ambiguities at the heart of the American people's pursuit of happiness would be made a little clearer. It is toward some such clarification that we seem now to be moving.

Fiction

A Viewpoint, a Dewpoint

THEODORE STURGEON

THERE IS doubtless some tradition or ethic among reviewers which would prohibit discussion of just why one damages a deadline. I ask your forbearance in this case, for it must form part of the review. *The Surly Sullen Bell* has been on my desk for far too long, inexcusably so; for this I accept total responsibility. The reason is that it engendered in me a surly sullen rebellion, and until I could define it I could hardly do justice to the book. Here, then, is this tardy titration, only just come to me.

The Surly Sullen Bell, by Russell Kirk. Fleet, $4.50

Journey Into Tomorrow, by Robert Sheckley. Signet, 35 cents

H. G. Wells (whom Dr. Kirk briefly cites in his interesting discursion on the Gothick tale) cast the narrative of each of his seven great science fiction novels in worlds atremble with international instabilities; in each he points out how mobilization against a common enemy unifies humanity and creates a new and better society. But no one seems to have realized—least of all Mr. Wells—his grey implication that only a miracle can straighten out human error. Dr. Kirk's special contribution to variant fiction is the device (his technique is far too schooled and skilled for me to call it a gimmick) of having ghosties an' ghoulies perform comeuppance upon racketeers or town planners or the census and its takers or even greedy in-laws. It is this which provokes my personal and concededly subjective rebellion; for if there is a posture in philosophy which I cannot tolerate, it is that which implies that man's acts and man's inspiration are incapable, unassisted, of solving man's problems. If such were the true case, we might as well slide the whole shebang off the Left Bank and, helpless, let all hope, all religion, and particularly all radical dissent, sink and bubble and be gone. For why else bother?

Now it may well be that this is neither Dr. Kirk's credo nor his intent. I can only, with respect, report what was evoked. And it must be said that the book does not by any means consist of restatements of this theme via this device. There is indeed one story—"Skyberia"—which states in heroic terms the indestructibility of the human spirit and the invincibility of the human hand, and I shall remem-

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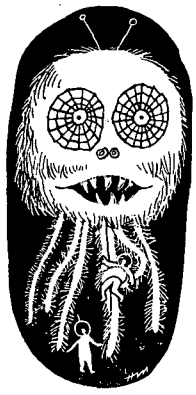
ber forever the stature of its protagonist like some monument against the sky. There is also a plotless sketch — more a portrait — of a locality, "Lost Lake," which leaves one with the uneasy belief that one has been there and will never be able quite to shake off its brooding innate enmity. Dr. Kirk writes very well generally, and specifically the Gothick tale quite as well as anyone in the past sesquicentury. Dr. John Pierce (who put up the Echo satellite) once said of Wells that he had sold his birthright for a pot of message. In Wells this was pathetic. In someone who writes as well as Dr. Kirk (and so much better than Mr. Wells), it would be tragic if he did the same.



ROBERT SHECKLEY has created a parable at dewpoint, a deliquescent volume on that strange verge where hilarity meets horror, all laughter is edged by agony, and hyperbole borders hysteria. You may—oh, you well may—read the book with joy for its joyousness and let it go at that. People, as has been discovered by ironists from La Fontaine through Nelson Algren, are irrepressibly funny. Disinclination to draw the moral from a fable need not detract from enjoyment of the narrative, if the narrative is good enough, as can be attested by much of Gulliver's public, or that of Anatole France's penguins or George Orwell's pigs.

What Sheckley has achieved is detachment and objectivity, but not, however, the cold distance of expertise. Instead, he has used a kind of divine ignorance as his social scalpel (and whip, and peephole). I can't recall that the hero Joenes, a South Sea Islander adrift in our near future, ever laughs once as he gravely proceeds from beatsville through state-supported education to an elaborate structure called the Octagon. He simply watches and listens with a priceless wonderment, like Billy Budd attending a pornographic movie. Subsidiary characters perform with (Mr. Typesetter, please be careful) formicating fun. There is a Russian account of combat with China which is the quintessence of all ethnocentric history books with the "tilt" circuit shorted out. There's a spy loose in the Pent—uh—Octagon, and a mapmaker for same, whose themes are played against one another like voices in a fugue. There's an encounter with three truck drivers in the spirit of the *Canterbury Tales*. And the description of the university-devised "perfect community," the commune Chorowait, is something you'll never, never forget.

Originally serialized in *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction* as *The Journey of Joenes*, which is simple and adequate, the volume was retitled, in a justifiably suicidal impulse, by what would seem to be one of those publisher's sales departments which never read books, not even their own. The new science-fictiony title will only keep the general public away and irritate the zap-gun fraternity. Actually nothing like this has been written since Shaw's *Adventures of a Black Girl in Her Search for God;* nothing better of the kind has been done since *Candide*.

Ghost of Appeasement Past

THOMAS MOLNAR

THE DASHING young British diplomat who, in the 1930's, made female hearts beat faster in Roman high society (witness Malaparte), has become a careful, balanced memorialist in the 1960's. His books do not have the unique flavor and historical breadth of Churchill's writings on the war; but his conscientious notations on international conferences, dialogues with the dictators, the inner workings of the Conservative Party, present a perhaps more reliable picture than the Churchillian epic. Sir Winston is too big a man not to push most of his contemporaries downstage while he takes the spotlight; Sir Anthony remains on the same level with them. As a result, his notes more effectively reveal their foibles, deficiencies and weaknesses, their courage and skill.

Facing the Dictators, by Anthony Eden, Earl of Avon. Houghton Mifflin, $7.50

In sober, even prose, Eden explains between-the-wars politics as few have done. Laval, Grandi, Barthou, even Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin and Chamberlain spring to life, because no preconceptions, no powerful system of thought, had prepared Eden to meet them. If scrupulous objectivity is still possible in political reporting, this book embodies it. Eden's merit is the greater as his position was, at the time, attacked and finally undermined. No trace of bitterness seems to have remained.

This does not imply agreement with everything Eden writes. It is still questionable, for example, whether Fascist Italy might not have been prevented from joining Nazi Germany as an axis partner. The Duce had a rather bad impression of Hitler when they first met, and Laval, whom Eden evidently despised, showed more discerning judgment in the matter. With subtler diplomatic skill the Entente Powers could have facilitated the penetration of Italian influence into East Central Europe and the Balkans, at the expense of German ambitions.

Be that as it may, Eden correctly judged the threat that totalitarian systems, with their military expansionism, represented. Such a judgment, conforming as it does to common sense, is quite rare today when our Kremlinologists hail a supposed "de-Stalinization" (which they equate with ideological weakening) and do not see that Communism and Russian national expansionism are two aspects of the same reality, strengthening and intensifying each other. Eden also correctly understood that the strength of a Hitler or a Mussolini was, to a large extent, derived from the weakness of the Western powers. Anybody who lived in that period in East Central Europe can testify how unwillingly, with what mortal anguish, the pro-Western statesmen yielded slowly to Hitler, as Runciman and Chamberlain sold them down the river with their monstrous appeasement campaign.

DOES this not have a familiar ring? Indeed, with appropriate changes of names, dates and places, *Facing the Dictators* could be read as a chronicle of post-1945 politics. The United States now, like Britain then, expects the small powers, the "neutrals" and

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the "uncommitted," to have an independent policy, to bring a "moral element" into international discussions, to serve as arbiters in the power struggle. But after 1935 the Little Entente (Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Yugoslavia), vainly trying to alert the West, began to crack up, while Austrian and Hungarian pro-Nazi elements saw their own hand strengthened. Far from being able to "arbitrate" the situation, these countries were in need of unequivocal protection. Substitute Portugal, Belgium, Holland, Katanga, Laos, for the lands of East Central Europe, and you have the second, perhaps the final, chapter of Western demise.

England slept while Hitler's technique, like Khrushchev's today, was "to accompany each blow with an offer nicely calculated to tempt the victim. Even if the offer did not compensate for the blow, it made it all the more difficult to strike back." While Nazi troops marched into the Rhineland, the London *Times* titled its lead article "A Chance to Rebuild," attributing Hitler's aggression to the dictator's "fear of encirclement."

And how did the Labor Party react? As reported by both Eden and Churchill, Attlee said in Parliament on March 11, 1935: "We stand for security through the League of Nations. We reject the use of force as an instrument of policy. . . . Our policy does not seek security through rearmament, but through disarmament. Our aim is the reduction of armaments and then the complete abolition of all national armaments and the creation of an international police force under the League."

LAST YEAR Iain McLeod, a "new-type" Conservative politician—the kind whose life-task seems to be, in Churchill's phrase, the "liquidation of the Empire"—wrote a book about Neville Chamberlain in which he appears as a truly forward-looking man, anticipating a world without power struggles, happily coexisting, coming to terms with enemies who are not really enemies if only we understand them. Following this logic, McLeod treated Churchill as the last specimen of a dying race, a man believing in power and hegemony—in fighting one's enemies. Also last year, A. J. P. Taylor argued, in essence, that Hitler wanted peace and friendly relations with England, but that he was pushed first into a defensive and then into an offensive stance. Again we hear the familiar ring, for the McLeods and Taylors who defend Chamberlain and treat Hitler kindly, today favor our own appeasers and whitewash the "moderate" Khrushchev.

On this issue too, Eden provides most valuable insights into Tory politics, into Baldwin's aloofness from foreign policy, Chamberlain's naive messages (via his sister-in-law) to Mussolini, his confusion of peace with appeasement. We read of a Hitler so contemptuous of British naiveté as to refer to his SS and SA murder squads as comparable to the Salvation Army;

Random Notes

• MOVIES: On the grand old Hollywood principle that you can't have too much of a good thing, Warner Bros. plans to follow *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?* with another grisly jolter, *Dead Pigeon.* Bette Davis is to oblige as before. . . . The master in France of suspenseful tushery and gore, Henri-Georges Clouzot (*Diabolique, The Wages of Fear*), has begun a new one, *Du fond de la nuit.* . . . Orson Welles, whose filming of Kafka's *The Trial* will be released soon, has his eye on Joseph Heller's military comedy, *Catch 22.* . . . John Huston, whose *Freud* has just been turned loose upon the world, will now undertake Brian Moore's *The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne,* and Kipling's *The Man Who Would Be King.*

• HOPEFUL NOTE FOR TV: King Features will have ready for showing in September 150 animated cartoons: fifty Beetle Baileys, fifty Barney Googles and Snuffy Smiths, and fifty Krazy Kats. The latter genius is unknown to current *Kinder* (no cartoonist could master the drawing of George Herriman and the strip died with him) and we welcome her and Ignatz Mice and Ossifa Pup back into the national mythology.

• BOOKS: Stanley Weintraub's *Private Shaw and Public Shaw* (Braziller, $5) chronicles the friendship of T. E. Lawrence and Bernard Shaw. Lawrence borrowed Shaw's name when he became a private in the RAF to elude the fame of being Lawrence of Arabia; hence the title. The friendship lasted from the writing of *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*—all the semicolons in which are the work of Bernard Shaw—to Lawrence's death in 1935. . . . Penguin has just published four John Buchan adventures, all vintage derring-do, *Castle Gay, Greenmantle, The House of the Four Winds,* and *John MacNab* (85¢ each). . . . The Twayne United States Authors Series has published a batch of new studies: Edwin Cady's *Stephen Crane,* Frederick Carpenter's *Robinson Jeffers,* Joe Lee Davis' *James Branch Cabell,* and Warren French's *Frank Norris* ($3.50 each). . . . Dover has brought out a handsome collection of English woodcuts and engravings: *1800 Woodcuts by Thomas Bewick and His School.* Introduction by Robert Hutchinson, $10.

It turns out that Oskar Kokoschka, the Austrian painter, is a first-rate raconteur and memoirist, and his *Sea Ringed with Visions* (Horizon, $5) is as engaging a collection of tall tales as you're likely to find in a bookstore full of plotless novels. He insists, or his publisher and lawyer insist, that these memoirs are fictitious, but they sound like truth drawn out by a loving stretcher of the facts.

• INCIDENTAL: The wife of a visiting Russian dignitary (we know who but won't tell) was complaining recently of how she was trailed by agents wherever she went in America. Her interlocutor, an equally cultivated American lady, was incredulous. Surely not?

"But yes," said the Russian lady. "They even interfered with my shopping. I was trying on clothes and they made me leave the shop."

"What shop?" asked the American lady.

"The Woolworth's," said the Russian lady. "I was trying on the underwear and they seized me and put me out."

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and we know from Ciano's *Diary* that Mussolini one day told him: "We should not be surprised at British weakness. These men are no longer the tough buccaneers of Francis Drake, only the degenerate sons of rich men."

Anyone who doubts that the present weakness of the West stems from moral corruption and intellectual paralysis, should read Eden's description of the Foreign Affairs Committee meeting at the end of which he resigned (January 19, 1938). On that day the Committee met to consider a treaty with Italy, favored by Chamberlain, opposed by Eden. The Cabinet members who were of the Prime Minister's persuasion feared that Eden's policy of firmness might result in war. "I understood this reasoning," Eden writes; these men "believed in the danger of a Fascist and anti-Fascist confrontation." He turned to Sir Thomas Inskip, a partisan of appeasement: " 'I swear to you, Tom, that if we can really get this line-up of the United States, Great Britain and France, there will be no question of war. You will then see the dictators behave themselves for the first time.' He shook his head sadly." Perhaps Inskip's ghost sits today in the Kennedy Cabinet.

Movies

1962: Year of the Slow Burn

ARLENE CROCE

FEW PEOPLE would argue that the fashionable films of the year just past are "great" in the timeless sense of the Dreyer, Griffith and Chaplin classics; the cant term is "important." When you read of a new foreign film's being "most important," you're to understand that you'll be bored, but it's good for you. (Who *isn't* afraid of Virginia Woolf?) The importance of Resnais and Antonioni, an accepted fact since 1959-60, is rooted quite literally among the ashes of Hiroshima (*Mon Amour*) and of that volcanic Sicilian isle that was the setting for *L'Avventura*. Both films were the work of politically self-conscious European aesthetes; both displayed, among other things, the classier neuroses of the Bomb-ridden, such as sex, time, money and architecture. Someone has termed these films somnambulistic cinema; they are also effeminate cinema, anti-heroic and anti-male. The men are architects, who appeal to women—as Mary McCarthy once noted—by combining the artist and the businessman; while the women assume all the burdens of decision. In Truffaut's last film, *Jules and Jim*, the central character is neither Jules nor Jim, but an anarchistic bluestocking whom the men passively worship "as a goddess."

The cinema of Resnais, Antonioni and Truffaut, as it has developed within the last year, is supremely a snob cinema. Antonioni's *The Night* contained a plethora of cryptic asides, unattributed quotations, and words to the wise, as well as a systematic style of visual evocation by which disaffected intellectuals the world over can recognize one of their own. Another '62 release of Truffaut's, *Shoot the Piano Player*, confused most audiences with its mixture of genres; but those in the know saw a toney remake of *High Sierra* (Bogart, Lupino, 1941) whose deliberate factitiousness of plot and locale allowed for a whole series of in-jokes about movies and movie-making.

Truffaut's prestige is the token of the new sophistication. His films are precious, optically sadistic and prone to run off at the mouth. What gives them status is the New Wave philosophy, which views all of life as a perpetual movie, a sort of *cinémathèque* without walls. Like most curators, as distinguished from creators, Truffaut loves his art with a lover's destructiveness. But it remained for Jacques Rivette, like Truffaut an intellectual enthusiast, to prove how ruinous is the New Wave's infatuation with the movies. Rivette's first feature, *Paris Nous Appartient*, was loaded with New Wave game theory: a film so brain-heavy it died by inches as you

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OLD AUTHOR, Dept. NA-2, Rowan, Iowa

I do not see how any discussion of the evolution of American conservatism can proceed without reference to Frank S. Meyer's bold, assertive and eloquent volume *In Defense of Freedom: A Conservative Credo.*
—William F. Buckley Jr.

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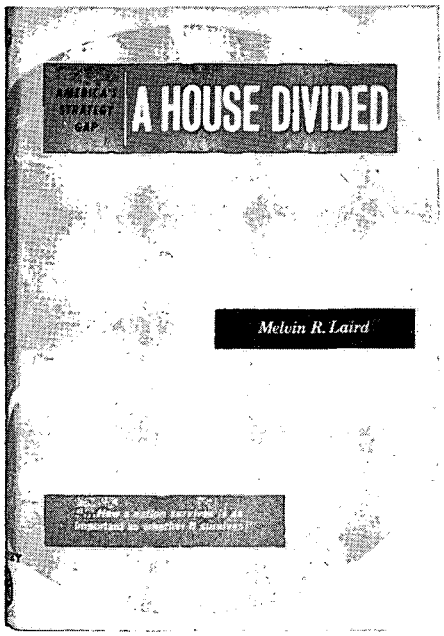

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watched it, like some monstrous encephalitic mutation. The style was that of the small-bore grade B crime film, and the characters—artists, students, hangers-on—would seem to represent the New Wave generation itself. Indeed, Rivette's film came equipped with a collective New Wave statement, issued amid the grinding of axes, that *"Paris Belongs to Us* [is] a film of foremost importance to us."

The game of the film lay in breaking Rivette's code—so insular a film hasn't been seen since the heyday of Hans Richter, or so torturously dull a one, either. But it would appear that *Paris Belongs to Us* is what *The Manchurian Candidate* might have been without Sinatra's money. Or Sinatra's audience: since its paranoic vision of a bohemian élite persecuted unto death by mysterious enemy forces amounts to a snob's paradise. Rivette has the right amount of political naiveté for an aesthete (he allows the forces at work here to be variously identified as a) commercial interests, b) agents, if you please, of the Spanish Falange, c) McCarthyites, d) the Communists who got Mayakovsky) and the right amount of anti-Americanism—the kingpin of the whole "terrorist" operation is a quite helplessly American *femme,* literally *fatale.* But Rivette's snob appeal hasn't caught on. All those who, like the characters of his film, might have fancied themselves oppressed by psychic fallout, were either in Manchuria last year, or Marienbad, the champion snob film of 1962. (I am abashed thus parenthetically to note that the finest European film of last year, which no one at all went to see, was Alexandre Astruc's *End of Desire,* a brilliant adaptation of Maupassant's *Une Vie.* Its star was Maria Schell. Maria Schell is Out.)

SNOB cinema passing into slob cinema was the story of *Boccaccio 70* and of another hit, *Divorce—Italian Style.* Fellini, Visconti and de Sica, the triumvirate responsible for *Boccaccio 70,* are more or less mindlessly talented apostles of the vulgar humanism Italy likes to export these days. Here they compete as purveyors of the notion that love of one's fellow man is the purer the closer it approaches cannibalism—the Mlles Ekberg, Schneider and Loren ought to have worn little tags saying "Eat me." The makers of *Divorce* tried to pull a *Monsieur Verdoux,* but the film was so swollen with self-congratulation, it only managed to hit one in ten of its barn-broad, and already well-riddled, targets.

Besides *End of Desire,* Kurosawa's *The Lower Depths* and *Yojimbo,* Hawks' *Hatari!* and Ford's *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance* were the best of the films I saw in 1962. Ford's film was at once an allegory of the Cold War, a meditation on the passing of the frontier, and a personal tribute to the Western legend and its incarnation in the figures of James Stewart and John Wayne. It was a good year for Bette Davis and Joan Crawford, in the remarkably shrewd and good-humored *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?,* and a bad year for Orson Welles, whose opus of 1955, *Mr. Arkadin,* was at last released. This film, about the intrigues of an international financier, was like a German critic's description of *Finnegans Wake* — *"Weltgeschichte als* comic strip."

THE still-active effects of Welles' influence on Hollywood films, *ca.* 1941-48, are evident in the first reel of *The Manchurian Candidate,* but they don't outlast the effects of certain congressional investigations, *ca.* 1947-52. The film begins like a science-fiction thriller, ends somewhere deep on the editorial page of the *National Guardian.* Without doubt the most politically mischievous film of the year, it eclipses Preminger's distortion of *Advise and Consent* as a gift to those whose hatred of Communism is second only to their hatred of anti-Communism. The "wild and woolly plot," which the *New Yorker* says it "longs to believe, and almost believes" is comprised of such a farrago of absurdities as to suggest, at the most, pathological or, at the very least, disingenuous motives for its construction. The best of these is the film's leering implication that right-wing anti-Communism is merely a mask adopted by the Communists themselves, since it is the quickest means to power in this country. That appealed to me, and I suspect it did to the *New Yorker,* too. The whole thing is acted, written and directed by people who certainly seem to know an apocalypse when they see one. And Mr. Sinatra is there to herald the dawn with his exalted reading of the film's last line: "Hell. Hell. Hell."

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE EXTREMISTS, by Mark Sherwin (St. Martin's, $5.00). The extremists, in case you wonder, range from Barry Goldwater, William Buckley and the American Security Council way out to Gerald L. K. Smith and George Lincoln Rockwell among conservatives; to the Left belongs the palm for keeping their message before the American people. The author never feels obliged to define "extremist"; as the late News Editor of the *New York Post*, he has found he has only to apply the label. Oh yes—there are also extremists on the Left. They are called Communists. But since Americans long ago immunized themselves against their virus, the author doesn't bother exploring the 818 Red fronts (he cites Victor Riesel's count) that "flourished in the 1950's and into the 1960's" So he is free to concentrate on the real Enemy—whom he belabors too tediously even to activate Liberal glands. Twenty years on the *Post* do leave a man tired. N. MCCAFFREY

THE CONCISE BIBLE, a condensation by Frances Hazlitt (Regnery, $4.00). In less than 200 pages Mrs. Hazlitt has presented the grandest passages of the Old Testament and the New, linked together by bits of narrative and explanation in her own remarkably classical prose. An excellent starting point for younger readers—and not only for younger readers: halfway through this glorious volume, one reviewer vowed it wouldn't be so long, next time, before he spent an evening with the Word of God. W. F. RICKENBACKER

THE GREAT IDEAS TODAY, edited by Robert M. Hutchins and Mortimer J. Adler (Crowell, $8.95). The novels of Aldous Huxley are populated by fatuous "intellectuals" devoted to the self-conscious absorption of "the best that has been thought and said." Messrs. Hutchins and Adler, eagerly cataloguing great thoughts and cross-filing great thinkers, could well have been the people Huxley had in mind. Their current opus seeks to examine modern events against the Adler-Hutchins tapestry of "Great Books." (Sample: An Alfred Kazin comment on Walker Percy's novel, *The Movie-goer*, garnished with the meticulous footnote: "See *The Republic*, Vol. 7, pp. 388a-389c.") The result is to give both ideas and events the painful angularity, but not the precision, of an IBM calculation. One notable feature: "The Great Debate of the Year—Liberalism *vs.* Conservatism." The editors chose Barry Goldwater to present the conservative side. The Liberal view is argued, not by Hubert Humphrey or Paul Douglas, but by that stalwart of the Republican party—Jacob Javits. Lucky New York Republicans. M. S. EVANS

AFRICA'S RED HARVEST, by Pieter Lessing (John Day, $3.95). Ask almost anyone, and he'll tell you that The Issue will be resolved in Africa. Journalist Lessing believes that, too. And his book, a patient endeavor in objectivity, stands as a devastating chronicle of the Communist offensive in the sub-Sahara. Slowly, he wends his way through the morass of Sino-Soviet intrigue on the black continent—always careful not to confuse African nationalism with African Communism—pointing out now here, now there, the disintegration of Western defenses in the face of the onslaught. Lessing knows his Communist sources well, and from them he selects quotations which show, grimly, the persistent tramping of the Communist robot over everything in its way. He documents Communist inroads into the African trade unions; he describes the operation, the scope, and the function of front organizations; he reveals the success of extensive youth indoctrination programs. And much more. A few pro-Western African leaders remain, to be sure; some even throw the Russians and Chinese out of their countries. But we do little to assist our friends; and, without our help, those few cannot long survive. Lessing's pronouncement on Western influence in Africa: slow death by manipulation. R. D. MACKENZIE

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To the Editor

Disclaimer

Permit me to disclaim all credit for language in "It's 'Bogus'—But Is It Featherbedding?" [Jan. 29] that describes the International Typographical Union as "the union whose disproportionate demands have kept the New York metropolitan press shut down since December 9." The piece was written and submitted for publication long before the newspaper strike was a twinkle in the union's eye. I do not believe that a) the printers' demands are more disproportionate than the publishers' or b) the printers' demands, disproportionate or not, shut down the metropolitan press. The printers struck four newspapers, the first printer strike against a New York City paper since 1883. Four other papers, not struck, shut down; a ninth continued to publish, but only for readers outside the five boroughs of the city. Granted, the publishers are entitled to exercise their own brand of union solidarity and to react to the printers' strike as if "a strike against one is a strike against all." But then let no one say the printers have shut down the metropolitan press.

The four papers that locked out their employees still have before them—as they have had since the strike began—the union's offer to return to work under the terms of the old, expired contract, with the understanding that negotiations for new contracts will be conducted with them separately. Perhaps the four unstruck papers have broken their contracts with the unions by shutting down in the face of the typographers' offer to return to work.

New York, N. Y. AARON H. BROWN

Buckley on Apartheid (cont.)

Some two weeks ago I had occasion to write a letter to the Chicago *Daily News* strongly criticizing Mr. Buckley for his column on the South African sabotage bill and our own Bill of Rights.

Now, while I still disagree with his fondness for South African security measures, Mr. Buckley's article, "South African Fortnight" [Jan. 15], is a major accomplishment.

Of the dozens of reports on South Africa which I have read in the past three years, Mr. Buckley's stands alone for insight, lack of bias, and feeling for the problems being faced by a very troubled land.

I spent a month in South Africa last summer, traveling to every major city and many of the smaller ones, and I must say that Mr. Buckley describes very well the nation that I visited and the people I met. This is a rarity among the polemics (from both the Left and the Right) which one usually reads about South Africa.

I personally fear that Verwoerd's experiment will fail, plunging South Africa into a blood bath that would be one of the greatest tragedies of this century. But I agree with Mr. Buckley that the South Africans are sincere, they are not without compassion and self-doubt, and they have the strength of their convictions. In this madhouse world, how can we ask for anything more?

Champaign, Ill. ROGER EBERT
News Editor, *Daily Illini*

I was stunned by the January 15 issue. Seeing NATIONAL REVIEW on slick paper made me wonder whether it was going also to change those attributes that make it my favorite magazine. However, then I read Mr. Buckley's article on apartheid and was reassured that, as long as *le grand Général* allows it to enter, *NR* will continue to be the most reliable journal available in this unreliable country.

Paris W. A. SHEARDOWN

Domesticized Peace Corps

It occurred to me that you and your readers might be receptive to a cause which is close to my heart. You will agree, I'm sure, that the present Administration has dealt most tenderly with peoples of primitive countries and has shown concern with the mores of the Maoris, the culture of head-hunters and cannibals, etc. But with all the largess dispensed to diaper the infants of the jungle, and for other worthy purposes, I find not a penny of our tax money going for an item which I consider indispensable to enrich the lives of some of our aborigines.

Will you please urge people to write or wire their congressman? There is no time to lose. People are being eaten daily without benefit of proper steak sauce! There must be a surplus here. There is of everything else.

Fultonville, N. Y. CEE GRAYSON

Managed Missiles

Reference is made several times [Jan. 29] to the withdrawal of missiles from Cuba, particularly in the article by David Lowenthal. I begin to wonder if your editors and your staff, normally the most perceptive of men, have begun to lose their collective minds to the point where they are beginning to equate the pronouncements of the Administration with reality.

Must you be reminded? As far as our present knowledge goes, a certain number of large cylindrical objects were carried out of Cuba on the decks of Russian and satellite freighters. These objects might have been missiles. They also might have been aircraft fuselages, midget submarines or king-size Havana cigars.

As things stand it takes a Parsifal-like innocence to have any faith at all in the pronouncements of Pierre Salinger or Arthur Sylvester.

Norwalk, Conn. JOHN O'DONOVAN

Liberal Paradox

Can someone please explain how the seeming acceptance by Russians of the Soviet system is considered evidence of the legitimacy of that system, while the seeming acceptance by Germans of the Nazi system was used as evidence of the damnation of the entire German nation?

New York, N. Y. ELIOT BERNAT

Placards, not Cards

It hardly seems accurate to speak in terms of any right to surreptitiously plant cards throughout a store in order to discourage the sale of the merchandise therein. Distributing the cards on the premises of a private store is tantamount to trespassing on private property, in violation of such criminal trespass laws as New York Penal Law 2036, pertaining to unlawful intrusion on real property. Indeed, a suit claiming damages for trespassing has recently been brought against a group of card-partyers by a large department store chain in southern California.

What is needed is not less activity,

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but more appropriate activity. Those who demonstrate their opposition to the sale of Communist-made goods by card-partying have admittedly been effective to a large extent in removing the objectionable products from the shelves. But at the same time they are performing a great disservice to the fundamental right of private property. The choice, it must be emphasized, is not one between action or inaction, for the same energy eagerly expended by the card-partyers could more constructively and with similar effectiveness be used in boycotting and picketing those stores which refuse to remove the Communist products. The objectionable feature of the current activity could be eliminated and its effectiveness preserved by the use of signs and handouts distributed off of the premises of the offending stores.

New York, N. Y. MANUEL S. KLAUSNER

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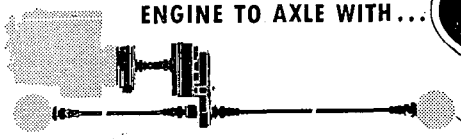

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Freedom, not License

Harvard's learned Edward C. Banfield flays a non-existent horse [Nov. 20] in holding that in *Capitalism and Freedom* Milton Friedman even as much as implied that freedom is license.

The core of Mr. Banfield's review is somehow side-tracked to an allegedly hidden premise in Friedman's philosophy that A's freedom includes the freedom to put B into a gas chamber, especially if the A's of the population constitute 51 per cent. But this is neither freedom nor Friedman but gross anarchy and immorality, and Friedman is anything but an anarchist or an immoralist. Time and again in his book Friedman asserts his belief in limited government, in the rights of life, liberty and property, and in the inviolability of the individual.

Let me supply but three representative quotes from the book in question to back up this contention:

"Men's freedoms can conflict, and when they do, one man's freedom must be limited to preserve another's —as a Supreme Court Justice once put it, *'My freedom to move my fist must be limited by the proximity of your chin.'* " (p. 26)

". . . the scope of government must be limited. Its major function must be to protect our freedom, both from the enemies outside our gates and from our fellow citizens." (p. 2)

"The preservation and expansion of freedom are today threatened from two directions. The one . . . coming from the evil men in the Kremlin who promise to bury us. The other . . . coming *from men of good intention and good will who wish to reform us.*" (p. 201, italics supplied here and in the two foregoing quotes.)

So it certainly does not appear that Milton Friedman believes that freedom can be separated from responsibility. However, it just may be that Mr. Banfield is the one who is subconsciously—and most ironically—projecting his own lack on this score to Professor Friedman.

For Mr. Banfield winds up his review coming out for, of all things, a "consensual order [Ah, that vengeful 51 per cent majority of A's again?] which permits reasonable discussion [Is freedom of the press entirely reasonable?] . . . and whatever substantive values the exercise of reason recommends in the particular circumstances."

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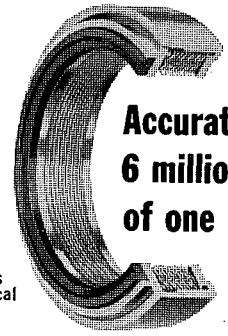

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This smacks of pragmatism and amorality. Mr. Banfield calls not for the exercise of morality but for the exercise of reason and not under all circumstances but for particular circumstances.

So let's be reasonable. The only question is whose reason will prevail. The majority reason, of course. Meanwhile, Heaven will protect the minority reason.

I just wonder if Mr. Banfield hasn't hoisted himself on his own petard.

New York, N. Y. WILLIAM H. PETERSON

Binet-Stanford for Bantus

In his discussion [Jan. 15] of Carleton Coon's racial hypothesis, Nathaniel Weyl suggests that by testing living Caucasoids, Mongoloids, and Congoids we could compare their innate mental capacities. Unfortunately for science, there is no ground for attributing an intelligence test score to hereditary causation or to any particular interaction between heredity and environment. The more disparate the cultural backgrounds of two persons, or two groups, the less sense it makes to compare test scores and draw inferences about mental capacity, hereditary, innate, or immediate. The presumption must be that differences in intelligence test scores are due mainly, and perhaps entirely, to differences in culture and other environmental factors. Two points are worth making. The first is that if there are hereditary differences in intellectual capacity between races, we shall not learn about them by the use of any known intelligence tests. The second is that if culture is taken to be a result chiefly of hereditary capacity, the case can easily be proven in favor of the Caucasoids and Mongoloids without resort to intelligence tests. A higher culture simply indicates a greater hereditary capacity. That such an assumption goes against the mainstream of psychological and anthropological thought is not an argument against it. The weight of the evidence, however, seems to be on the other side, since such great differences can readily be explained in terms of extra-hereditary factors. Illustratively, in the same issue, Mr. Buckley attributes the backwardness of the Bantus not to any innate lack of inventiveness but to their custom of tossing inventors from cliffs—surely an environmental obstacle to progress.

Santa Barbara, Calif. RICHARD DE MILLE

Speaking Up . . .

William A. Rusher, Publisher of National Review, has been a popular speaker and debater before academic audiences and civic groups for many years, and has recently become something of a fixture on radio and television as well.

Mr. Rusher has already had three separate civilian careers. He has been a practicing attorney in Wall Street's largest law firm, Associate Counsel to the U.S. Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, and since 1957 Publisher of National Review.

Mr. Rusher has recently returned from tours of the Far East and southern Africa, and is prepared to report on the continued impact of the Cold War on these crucial areas.

Some of his other topics include: *Is Domestic Communism Still a Danger? A Conservative's Strategy for the Cold War, How Much Academic Freedom?* and *Where Do Conservatives Go From Here?*

If your university or club would like to hear Mr. Rusher, won't you write? He will be in New England in late February, the far West in April and the South in May.

You may also want to write for openings in the schedules of our other speakers: L. Brent Bozell, Ernest van den Haag, Willmoore Kendall, Russell Kirk, Frank S. Meyer, Thomas Molnar and William Rickenbacker.

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—Woodrow Wilson

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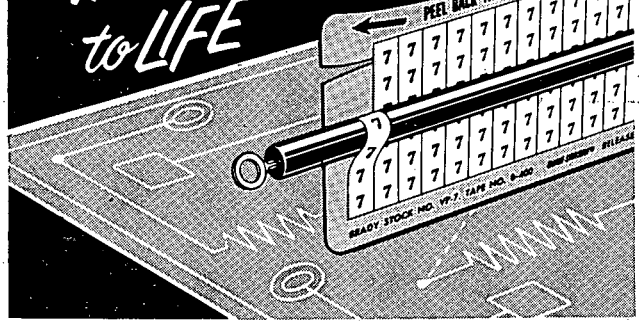

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TIRESIAS

(Continued from p. 114)

unemployed masses into an asset by publicizing to foreign investors the immediate availability of cheap labor. (Elsewhere in Latin America this would be catalogued under Exploitation by the New Frontier, and considered definitely non-U.) To create jobs to absorb Puerto Rico's labor force Moscoso had to find new industries; he did it by offering two unfailing attractions: tax exemptions and a stable political climate.

But so long as Latin American countries are unwilling to invite private industry on anything like Moscoso's Puerto Rican terms, new capital investments will not be made; while many long established foreign businesses, apprehensive of nationalization, can be expected to liquidate on as favorable terms as they can manage. Even though faced with a steeply rising birth rate and a precipitous decline in the number of jobs, Latin American governments make no concessions to foreign investment; they prefer to hire unneeded hordes of bureaucrats, knowing they can charge their salaries to the *Alianza*.

Traveling through Latin America I occasionally ask Latinos about their reluctance to apply in their own countries the example of once-free American enterprise. The usual reaction is a gasp followed by a deprecating smile and the quick formula: "Ah, *señor*, but we are different from you *norteamericanos*."

In a way, of course, they're right. Latinos can look to Uncle Sugar to pay for their roads and schools, their cradle-to-grave welfarism and their staggering bureaucracies.

In the nineteen months since the Alliance was proclaimed, four-fifths of a billion U.S. Treasury dollars have headed due south, many replacing investments repatriated by frightened industry. What the net return will be depends far less, in the long run, upon the caliber of the Alliance's administrators than on the attitude of Latin Americans toward the New Interventionism; whether in their judgment its emotional improvising appears more likely to stabilize—or to destroy.

The people of the Hemisphere desperately need education. Perhaps the optimum start would be a pilot project in Foggy Bottom—attendance mandatory.

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